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FIFTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - - EDITOR

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FIRST STEP IN WATER OWNERSHIP

SAN FRANCISCO has indorsed the Hetch-Hetchy bond issue by a seven-to-one vote, a total of 41,000 ballots having been cast at the recent election. This opens the way to municipal ownership of what the northern metropolis should have acquired years ago—municipal control of her water-works system. It is a natural monopoly that should not be relegated to a private corporation, and in taking this long-deferred action the tax-paying water consumers have but followed the wise example which Los Angeles set seven years ago.

Never has the metropolis of Southern California had cause to regret the taking over of the water system of the city. From the outset the plant has been excellently managed and the system improved and expanded at no increased cost to the consumers. To the contrary, the rates have been lowered twice and the service in every respect has been gratifyingly good. We can do our San Francisco neighbors no greater favor than to offer to lend them our efficient chief of the water department when they are ready to assume control of the plant. But he must be returned muy pronto, and without having had temptations to remain in the north.

This preliminary bond issue voted by San Francisco is for \$600,000, with which to acquire certain lands and rights adjacent to the Hetch-Hetchy and Lake Eleanor sources. The latter properties were granted to the city by the secretary of the interior last May, the municipality having been given two years in which to accept the agreement. By its quick action in calling for an expression from the people within one-fourth of the time allowed, the board of supervisors rather caught the private water corporation at a disadvantage in the election, which accounts for the slim showing of the opposition.

But it will be necessary for the city to acquire the water rights and the system of distribution owned by the Spring Valley Water company in

order to obtain adequate supply of pure water and the next move of the municipality is to negotiate with the private corporation for its properties. This is likely to result in long and acrimonious proceedings, as there is a wide difference of opinion between the opposing parties as to the selling and buying price. The board of supervisors is disposed to be fair, however, and, doubtless, the vested interests will get fair play.

CHECKMATED BY PROVIDENCE

AT THE citizens' meeting held in San Francisco last Saturday night, following the shooting down of Francis J. Heney in the courtroom the day previous, one of the speakers indulged in no flight of fancy when he said it was a shot that was heard around the world. Not only so, but its reverberations will continue to resound in the ears of the civilized nations until the city that saw its assistant public prosecutor struck down by an assassin shall have avenged that dastardly act by a speedy summing up against the criminals Heney was devoting his energies to bring to justice.

It is incredible that the criminal procedure in California is such that seventy days could be consumed in a court of record in the procuring of a jury! Not in the trial itself, but merely the preliminary steps! This was due, of course, to the tactics of the defense, Ruef's high-priced lawyers contesting every inch of the way and employing all their artful knowledge of the law's quirks, permitted by our lax methods, to confound the prosecution. No wonder Professor Hadley of Yale is heard fulminating against the jury service of the country, which is so badly managed that few intelligent men care to serve on one, and when they do, instead of gaining an understanding of the law, they come away with a deep-seated contempt for the way in which criminal lawyers are allowed to misapply it.

For seventy days Francis J. Heney had manfully contended against the cunning, the trickeries, the insinuations, the insults of the opposing lawyers. Quick-tempered as he is, his conduct, in the main, evidenced remarkable repression and he allowed nothing to divert him from his purpose, that of convicting Ruef and placing him where he should have gone long ago—behind penitentiary bars. To avert that consummation, apparently, no crime is too repellent, if it shall succeed in its object. First, in the effort to remove the chief witness for the prosecution, Gallagher, was the dynamiting of the latter's home, in which attempt the ex-supervisor and his entire family escaped annihilation by a margin so narrow that it appears miraculous. Failing in this, jury bribing was the next measure resorted to, and that, also, was rendered abortive by the vigilance of Heney and Burns.

Then came the crowning crime, the most diabolical of all, the effort to remove by the bullet of the assassin the chief figure in the prosecution, the man who had time and again asserted that he would not rest until he had placed Abraham Ruef in state's prison. Is it conceivable that the ignorant young Greeks who dynamited Gallagher's house, the fellow who endeavored to bribe a jurymen, and, finally, the ex-convict who fired point blank at Heney, with intent to kill, did so of their own volition? We refuse to believe it! The sequence of events inevitably suggests a master mind in the guiding, and whose could it be but the one chiefly interested in the outcome of the trial?

It may be that Morris Haas, the would-be murderer, took his own life. But who furnished the means? It is absurd to suppose that a deringer of forty-one caliber could be concealed in a shoe and so escape detection. That were a hypothesis unworthy of serious consideration for

a moment. Twice, the prisoner had been subjected to a rigid searching. That no powder marks were found at the point in the forehead where the bullet ploughed its way into the brain is a peculiar circumstance, but granting that Haas took his own life, who slipped him the revolver? This fact ascertained, the solution to the mystery surrounding the attempt to put Gallagher out of the way, the instigator of the jury bribing, and the Machiavelli who sought to have Heney murdered stand revealed.

Is there a Providence overhead bent on frustrating the deep-laid plans of those men, who it is patent, stick at nothing in their efforts to escape the penalties of their misdeeds? It would seem so. Else why did the plot against Gallagher's life fail? Why did the jury-bribing plan go astray? Why is Heney still alive, when by all the laws of chance he should have passed away in the courtroom, the scene of his many stormy encounters with unscrupulous lawyers who took fiendish delight in baiting the determined public prosecutor? That all three plots—it were absurd to assume they just happened—miscarried, is not to be laid to chance. In this is seen the interposition of a greater power than any poor human ever wielded and it points inexorably to the overtaking of the plotters, who are not to be allowed to elude justice.

That is what we deduct from a close observance of events transpiring since the perfidy of Ruef and Schmitz first was indubitably revealed. That the trial will take its course, that Ruef will be found guilty and be compelled to serve his sentence we firmly believe. As to the higher-ups, whose fate is yet to be decided, we believe the great curse of municipalities cannot be eradicated until the rich malefactors who give bribes are made to march in lock-step with their equally criminal associates. But we shall ever insist that the bribe-giver is guiltier than the bribe-taker.

COLORED SUPPLEMENT HORRORS

WE WELL remember when those Sabbath-day atrocities, yclept "art" supplements first broke into the game. How the self-respecting publisher raged and frothed because his circulation manager insisted that because the other fellow, the hated rival, had added the feature to his Sunday output, there was nothing to be done but follow suit or lose business. And when the advertising manager joined in the demand, what could a harried publisher do but yield? It wasn't the extra expense of one thousand dollars a week so much that he deplored, as the departure from standards, the deference to the groundlings that harassed his soul. For in those days many publishers had souls.

For a time the colored supplements were fairly good. Reproductions of famous paintings, of pieces of statuary, of noted examples of architecture, and kindred subjects having educational value, gave excuse for the gaudy ink blots labeled art pictures. But gradually the standards deteriorated and the mule era and buster boy period set in, to the dismay of conscientious parents, who had hard enough work as it was, inculcating habits of observance and politeness in the little savages called boys, whom they felt bound to train up correctly.

With all the Sunday dailies given over to these alleged "comics" it was a hopeless task to discriminate. They tried hiding the miserable daubs for a time, but the youngsters usually beat them to it Sunday mornings, and had devoured the poison before the Sabbath morning sleep of their elders was accomplished. All they could do was to groan inwardly and privately berate the publishers for their deteriorating influence on the household.

But a change is dawning on the newspaper

horizon. A revolt of the publishers is presaged by the courageous step recently taken by the Boston Herald, which has discarded its Sunday handicap, thus elevating the standard of that Sabbath-day publication to the level attained by the secular-day issues. Let us hope this is the forerunner of similar abandonments in every large city in the country. Who knows! Perhaps it portends a return to the sane methods of newspapers that had vogue before that debaucher of modern dailies, William Randolph Hearst, came into the field.

We unhesitatingly declare that not since George Peck, of infamous Peck's Bad Boy notoriety, debauched the morals of so many young lads by his pernicious writings, have so many minds in their formative period been perverted and led into wrong channels by the vicious Sabbath-day droolings contained in the colored supplements of the modern blanket sheets. May they soon drop out of sight, down, down to deepest Hades, and never be resuscitated!

ROUGH ON THE CONSUMERS

AT THE hearings now under way in Washington before the ways and means committee of the house, the manufacturers thus far appearing have, with scarcely an exception, pleaded for a raise rather than a reduction in the particular schedules in which they are interested. In other words, each is strong for tariff revision on the other fellow's goods. This proves how necessary it is that an expert commission, such as Senator Beveridge advocates, should be established and maintained to examine each item and recommend the raising or lowering of the duties on individual merits. It will require expert knowledge to get at the facts, and do justice to manufacturer and consumer. The veteran Wall street banker, Henry Clews, in an address before the Indiana Bankers' association last week, strongly advocated tariff revision, saying among other things:

A lowering of the present tariff is absolutely necessary to the welfare of our manufacturing interests and our foreign trade. The effect of a judicious lowering of the tariff to one of only moderate protection, would be to give our manufacturers cheaper foreign raw materials, and so enable them to sell their manufactures at lower prices than they can now, both at home and abroad. Thus our export trade to the Orient and South America would be stimulated by our being enabled to compete there with England, Germany, and other European countries, where labor is comparatively much cheaper than here.

There is no question that our export trade could be quadrupled if the heavy import duties on raw material were lowered materially. It is the only way to open the doors of the world's markets to this country. Factories in plenty we already have, in excess of the home demand, and the best way to protect labor is to keep the men employed all the time. To do this, we must export in increasing volume, but the cost of materials prohibits competition with foreign manufacturers, except with the big trusts, such as steel and iron, and a few other lusty protected "infants," which can not only manufacture at a less cost than their competitors, but even undersell the latter in their own markets.

What a farce to expect to build up a great manufacturing country while the legal restrictions on raw materials remain as they are! How can we hope to sell our surplus products abroad when these products, in the raw, have paid duties so high that it is physically impossible to compete with those countries where no imposts have had to be paid on the same materials. Not only are the manufacturers handicapped, but the home consumers, as we have repeatedly shown, are mulcted hundreds of millions of dollars yearly, to do what?—to protect certain invested capital.

Mr. Taft, it is announced, will call a special session of the Sixty-first congress early in March to take up the matter of tariff revision. This is in accordance with his ante-election pledge, reiterated in a speech made September 30, when he said it would be his pleasure and duty to insist, so far as the executive head of the nation could, consistently, use his influence, to bring about an honest and thorough revision of the tariff. This was encouraging so far as it went, but, alas, he added: "On the one hand protecting the indus-

tries by the method of protection explained, and on the other seeing that the measure is not too greatly in favor of the consumer."

What is one to infer from this? That the same old trick of protecting a few at the expense of the many is to be repeated? Who is the consumer? There are about eighty-five millions of him in the United States. And ever since the Dingley bill went into effect they have been bled to the tune of five hundred millions a year to "protect" the monopolistic trusts. It has been cleverly done, we admit. To the sacred tune of Labor and Prosperity the voters have been marched to the slaughter, foolishly imagining they were helping to maintain sacred schedules that insured the retention of their hearths and homes, with a well-filled dinner-pail on the side.

Yet they keep asking themselves why it is that, work as hard as they can, little more than a bare living is their reward? They realize, however, in a blind, unreasoning way that every article of necessity is from forty to eighty per cent higher than it was twelve years ago, with no improvement in quality and with only about one-fourth the increase in their incomes. If they would ponder the question long enough and argue back from effect to cause, they might see a great light and strive to remedy conditions. High tariff schedules they have been educated by standpat organs to believe, are the only safeguard between them and poverty, so to insure their one-fourth per cent difference in labor the Republican-rank-and-file followers have voted to tax themselves from fifty to sixty per cent for the necessities of living. It is a beautiful system—for the trusts, which, of course, get the fat end of this one-sided argument.

SETTING THEIR SOULS IN ORDER

FOR A NUMBER of years there have flourished in Germany, France, Spain, Italy, and Holland what are known as "retreats" for men from every class of society, but with artisans predominating, who make a practice of visiting these retired country houses at least once a year, oftener if possible, with the result that every week in batches of forty or fifty, a constantly-changing body of men gather to enjoy the fresh air in the gardens, and in the retreat listen to a series of helpful sermons, that induce meditation and soul uplift. The effect is to send the workman or business or professional man back to his shop or desk with renewed courage, with a better command of self, with a broadened outlook, a new grip on life and a stored fortitude that shall last him until he can slip away for another three or four days for further spiritual refreshment.

In Belgium there are six houses specially built for the purpose of supplying this need and they are never without tenants. In many instances the three or four days passed in this meditative manner constitute the only holiday the men get the entire year, yet so beneficial are the results that they go back to their temporary cloister, after the first experience, rejoicing in the opportunity. It is not a charitable institution. The guests meet their own expenses and the little profit accruing from their keep is sufficient to pay for a pastor whose talks—they are hardly sermons—have been termed by one who has participated as "points," with the preacher performing the functions of a drill-master and the men themselves doing the real work—the soul evolution.

So satisfactory has been the work of the retreats on the continent that England has found it advisable to add materially to the limited number of houses devoted to a similar purpose in that country, and the results have surpassed all expectations. The change from mill or factory, shop or desk is a welcome one to the visitors who, after the early restlessness is overcome, find in this unconventional holiday a soul solace never before experienced. After each sermon or talk—and they average four a day—there is an hour or so of meditative silence or secret prayer, when the individual wrestles with himself and in striving for the mastery is unconsciously disciplining his spirit and preparing himself for better citizenship, better ability to face

the problems of life. Says a writer in the London Spectator of recent date, commenting on these semi-monastic houses and their inmates:

The effects are amazing. The men find a new worth in life; they gain indefinitely in a sense of duty, in contentment, in unselfish devotion to a common cause. They work henceforth for social improvement on sound lines, instead of fighting for their own hand. Their human relationships take on a new meaning, precisely because they have been given an ideal in the light of which they have set their souls in order. Here, then, would seem to be an institution which at last gives the working man what he needs. Technical institutes and clubs, lectures and cheap literature, all these, excellent in their way, have made but a surface impression. Truth to tell, they have not been as "educative" as some of us had hoped. They do not necessarily make a man at one with himself, for they do not satisfy his deepest needs. There has been too much tendency to regard them as substitutes for a more intimate appeal—for character-building, and the providing of an ideal which shall give strength as well as light.

In these retreats master and man meet on a common footing, and the spirit of camaraderie noted is said to be incredible. So far, the work is mainly to be credited to the Roman Catholic persuasion, but in a small way the Episcopalian church is following in the same footsteps. The idea is to afford men tired in the struggle of life, an interval, however short, for mental stock-taking, which the spiritual exercises give as none other can. It is not necessary for a man to be a Roman Catholic to believe with Ignatius of Loyola that the way to make the world a better place is to get a few men imbued with high ideals, and let them radiate those ideals among those with whom they live.

There is room and to spare for the establishment of similar retreats in the United States, where if ever a man wanted to get away from his outer self, occasionally, it is in this strenuous country. It is pointed out that the three or four week-end-to-Monday-days in these houses of meditation are not passed in mere intellectualism, nor are they wasted in mere sentimentalism. The appeal is to the whole man, and the guidance is practical.

GIVE US THE ROADS

NOW that Judge Bordwell has refused to enjoin the board of supervisors from proceeding with the sale of the good roads bonds, it is folly to put further obstacles in the way. Just now the bond market is firm, and in good condition to take the \$3,500,000 issue voted weeks ago. It is an axiom that the best time to dispose of securities of any kind is when the demand is persistent. To postpone the sale from week to week because of petty objections is far from wise. A European war, a national calamity, any big cause, is likely to intervene and cause a decline in the market. Why wait for that untoward event?

Besides these potent arguments in favor of an early exchange of bonds for cash is the unanimous desire of the people—the taxpayers—for immediate work on the roads. Before the usual influx of tourists, which reaches its apex in January, there should be a good start made and enough road-building done to show our eastern friends how deeply in earnest we are on this important undertaking. If we are to abolish the racing game by legislative enactment, through the inhibition of pool-selling at the tracks and in pool-rooms, we are bound to furnish the idle rich substitute pleasures, and one that appeals to the greatest number is good roads for automobiling.

Give us the roads. To readvertise, as Chief Deputy District Attorney Hartley Shaw suggests in his communication to the supervisors, will mean another long delay, in which much may happen. To say that the county will not get a good bid Monday is hardly warranted by the facts. Truth is, all the bond buyers, local firms and representatives of eastern houses, are ready to put in their bids. Why not receive them? The board is not obligated to dispose of the bonds if the price offered is not satisfactory. With the bonds sold and the money in hand, then it is proper for the board to call in the advisory committee and decide as to the best manner to go ahead with the work. Stop the discussion, and give us the roads.

GRAPHITES

It is absurd to place on Los Angeles and Southern California responsibility for the failure of the Indian Basin act and seawall extension proposition, both of which legislative acts received heavy negative votes in this region at the recent election. Because of this, San Francisco papers are threatening to "get even" at the coming session of the legislature, and in other ways they promise to retaliate. There was no jealousy of San Francisco evidenced down here. Our people were governed largely by the strong circular letters sent out by the San Francisco chamber of commerce, the Shipowners association, and other presumably representative public bodies of the northern metropolis, all of which urged in unmistakable language the defeat of the above measures on the ground that they were unnecessary and merely a scheme of private property owners to get improvements at the expense of the state. Why do the San Francisco papers ignore these pronouncements by their several public organizations? If Los Angeles inadvertently did the harbor city an injustice let the blame attach where it belongs. So far as The Graphic is concerned, in the absence of more definite information, we advised against the ratification of these two acts, solely because of the insistence of the negative arguments used by the quasi-public bodies referred to, and we believe other publications were similarly influenced. It is puerile to accuse us of jealousy and to threaten reprisals. Los Angeles and Southern California are wholly guiltless in the premises.

"Home Products" week has proved a winner. Of great educational value was the industrial parade Wednesday, when a line upward of four miles in length and requiring three hours to make a circuit of the business district, forcibly demonstrated to all observers how varied and stable are the manufacturing interests of Los Angeles. It proved an eye-opener of a most agreeable kind to the spectators, and to many residents as well as to visitors the exhibits were most surprising. From the artistic and strikingly beautiful display of the Cawston Ostrich Farm float to the humorous ant-destroyer presentation, there was no lack of educational interest. We leave to the daily papers the minutiae of description; they have done the parade full justice, but to Miss Frances Holmes, the clever young woman in whose brain the idea originated, The Graphic desires to make acknowledgments. To Secretary Frank Wiggins and the executive board of the chamber of commerce, who so heartily and thoroughly carried out the idea of the originator of Prosperity Week display, also a vote of renewed confidence is offered. As President Stewart said, speaking for the chamber of commerce: "It simply showed us and everybody else how little we knew of the factories of Los Angeles. The pageant made history. It demonstrated that our factory products are destined to rival our great natural products and that the progress toward that rivalry has been so rapid we have not appreciated it. There were discoveries for the wisest everywhere."

It is reassuring to the public to note that Abraham Ruef's lawyers were unsuccessful in their efforts to get a change of venue or a new jury for their delectable client. Even the scheme of "planting" a malcontent in court to mutter "Hang Ruef," "Hang Ruef," failed of its purpose. This theatricism was ignored by the trial judge and the hired disturber ejected without a ripple of excitement. The trial will now go on sternly and relentlessly. We miss our guess if the jury disagrees. It is of well-selected material, and the defendant, as well as his counsel, knows that the outcome is fairly certain to go against him. There was a time when the rascal could have escaped with a two-years' sentence. It will be ten years, at least, this trial, if the signs are read aright.

Every right-minded man deplores the killing of former-Senator Carmack of Tennessee, who met his death as the result of personal attacks in his paper on Colonel Cooper, which the colonel's son resented with a loaded revolver. Of course, it is not a justification for the act that Carmack's personal journalism irritated the subjects of whom he discoursed. It is said that the editor gloried in the annoyance his caustic pen engendered, and that the last editorial he wrote relative to the Coopers, he read aloud to admiring friends in his office and after it was printed put his six-shooter in his pocket and went down street to his death, but not before he had wounded his slayer. We take no stock in the outcry that the editor was the victim of a conspiracy, and that he was "a martyr in prohibition's cause." That is tommy-

rot. He went "heeled," because he knew his personal journalism was likely to stir up strife. He believed in vilifying the oppositor, instead of making his points by argument and stern logic. This erroneous conception of the functions of a newspaper proved costly. The men he lampooned and traduced had no newspaper organ in which to "get back" at him, so they resorted to the pistol as a potent argument.

We have been favored with a copy of the comprehensive address made by J. C. Stubbs, vice-president and traffic director of the Southern Pacific, at the Trans-Mississippi Commercial congress, held in San Francisco recently, where he spoke on "The Relations of the Railroads to Trans-Mississippi Territory." Considering that Mr. Stubbs has been forty years in the railroad service, whatever this veteran has to say on topics concerning his chosen line of endeavor is certain to be of interest, even to laymen, and so we found in reading his notable address. We are impressed by Mr. Stubbs' attitude of mind in regard to the Panama canal. He believes that after forty years of operation the government investment will not show in whole nor in any particular, even as an engine of defense in time of war, any such profit as accrued to Uncle Sam for the aid he gave to the building of the transcontinental railroad lines, but he admits that the enterprise no longer is debatable. He adds: It is under way with promise of success, and I say "God speed it!"

Signs multiply that Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany is due to reap a bitter harvest for the political crop he has insisted on sowing of late years. His determination to dictate Germany's foreign policy has resulted in alienating several of the big powers and propelled the empire to a critical pass. His course has been marked by a series of blunders—to use a mild term—that has brought the wilful emperor face to face with a constitutional crisis. The reichstag is impatient, the country is restive and unless the kaiser listens to the wise counsel of Chancellor von Buelow he will have cause to regret his arbitrary action. Germany is tired of his absolutism, and is bent on curtailing his powers. He must yield or be prepared to take consequences whose import no man, at this stage, can foresee.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

San Francisco has been called the city of strife. Assuredly, it is the city of sensations. As if the Fates decreed that no point in the gamut of drama should be omitted from the history of the graft prosecution, Francis J. Heney, the special prosecutor, was shot down in open court last Friday, the thirteenth of the month. The community was thrown into a tumult of emotional excitement not only by the dastardly deed, but by the savage controversy which the assassin's hand aroused. The ardent champions of the prosecution at once saw in Haas' crime an opportunity to turn the tide of public feeling which since the disclosure last January of Ruef's immunity contract undoubtedly had been drifting against them. Haas' deed, they claimed with the utmost vehemence, but without an iota of evidence, could not have been the result of insensate lust of vengeance for personal grievance, but was the climax of foul conspiracies against justice. Consequently, there has been an epidemic of hysteria with an avalanche of reckless accusations. Sanity has now asserted itself, and, in the absence of the slightest clew to any outside influence upon the depraved assassin's desperate mind, the plot to connect Ruef or any of the "higher-ups" with the attempted assassination is dying a natural death. There can be no reason, indeed, to doubt the sincerity of Ruef's first exclamation on hearing of the tragedy—"My God, this is the worst thing that could have happened to me!" For more than two years the community has cried, "Give us Ruef!" For a year the prosecution ordained otherwise—it had other fish to fry, and preferred to hoard Ruef in its own larder. The assassin's hand, aimed at Heney, may have sealed Ruef's fate.

Legal torture of the vulgar tongue is something almost as amazing as it is perplexing. In acquainting the Ruef jury with the bald facts of Haas' attempt on Heney's life, Judge Lawlor, throughout his charge, alluded to it as a "trans-action."

Heney's indomitable spirit and remarkable vitality have been demonstrated by the ordeal he has undergone. Within twenty-four hours of the

shooting he expressed his desire and ability to attend the mass meeting convened by the League of Justice. His physicians today say they can see no reason why he should not be back in court within two weeks. His brother, Ben, who makes his headquarters in Los Angeles, has been a constant attendant at his bedside.

Brotherly love of the north for the south has not been fostered by the result of the vote on certain constitutional amendments at the recent election. Already, and in many quarters there is talk of "retaliation." Southern California's most flagrant offense in the eyes of the northerners was the overwhelming vote cast in Los Angeles and other southern counties against the San Francisco seawall extension and the India Basin acts. They who are "threatening castigation"—the term one of the voices for vengeance employs—maintain that Southern California considered nothing, and cared less, for necessary improvements to San Francisco's harbor, which eventually must have benefited the whole state. The south is unreasonably "jealous," is their contention and Los Angeles will "have to be shown." The majority in Los Angeles county against the India Basin act was 25,287—a vote of nearly six to one against it, and against the San Francisco seawall act the majority was 22,478—a vote of four to one against it. San Franciscans, however, do not have to go so far as Los Angeles to find strenuous opponents against the India Basin act. Antagonism to it in San Francisco itself was considerable, while in Oakland and other trans-bay cities the billboards were plastered with torrid arguments and pleas to vote against it.

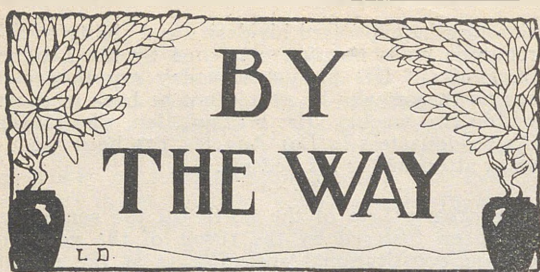
It is likely that all this chatter of "retaliation" will fade away, but it is certain that advocates of state division in Southern California have now gained not a few adherents in the north, where the disposition hitherto has been to regard such a movement as a fond and idle dream. Meanwhile, however, the form of "threatened castigation" is not without interest. Los Angeles is to be disciplined by the northern members of the legislature refusing to come into line for any measure in which her special interests are involved. If Los Angeles wants amendments to her city charter, obstruction is promised, and so forth. Southern California's hope of naming the next governor is blasted. Even the certitude of Senator Flint's re-election is disturbed by the south's callous indifference or "unreasonable jealousy" of San Francisco. And so on! All of which, however, it seems to me, can be taken with many grains of salt. But it is evident that the peacemakers will have their hands full.

San Francisco will retain the balance of power in the legislature until 1911, if not 1913. According to section 6 of the state constitution, there can be no reapportionment of senate and assembly districts until after the federal census of 1910, and "until the session of the legislature following the result of the census" Los Angeles will have to submit to inadequate representation. This probably will not be until the session of 1913.

Few weddings here have attracted so much popular interest as that noted Wednesday of Joseph O. Tobin and Miss Constance de Young. The bride, who is the second daughter of the Chronicle's owner, is talented and accomplished. "Little Joe" Tobin has won his spurs both on the polo field and in amateur theatricals. Since the disaster of thirty months ago young Tobin, like many another scion of San Francisco's aristocracy, has got into the harness of serious business, and now occupies a position of responsibility in the Hibernia bank, which is largely controlled by the Tobin family. The young people were showered with good wishes, the archbishop's blessing, and many costly and beautiful presents.

Stanford's victory and California's discomfiture on the gridiron last Saturday afternoon was witnessed by not a few of Los Angeles' "best young men." That they were busy celebrating the prowess of the cardinal or drowning the sorrow of the blue and gold Saturday night is proved by the fact that several of them missed their trains home and broke other appointments the following day. Of one prominent (both in business and avoirdupois) young man the story is told that he was found in the early hours of the Sabbath within the unfinished building of the Palace hotel, groping in the dark to find a hole for the key which he has kept on his watch chain since the morning of April 18, 1906. The story has not been verified.

R. H. C.
San Francisco, Nov. 19.



Reunion of Returned Natives

I chanced to be present at a happy reunion this week when Cashier R. I. Rogers of the California National bank greeted Colonel W. M. Garland, of the governor's staff, and president of the California club. The two have just returned from a long outing in the east, where they had a number of interesting experiences—in company with their wives, I hasten to add. Mr. Rogers left Los Angeles about eight weeks ago, and after attending the Bankers' convention at Denver, went on to New York, whither Mrs. Rogers had preceded him. It was at Atlantic City that the Garlands' and the Rogers' met. The latter were invited by the colonel to occupy the two seats in his Pierce-Arrow car, made vacant by the return home of Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran. From there they bowled along over beautiful roads to Philadelphia, thence to New York. Two days later occurred the famous Vanderbilt cup race, which they witnessed in company. But how they saw it constitutes an amusing chapter.

Experiences at the Vanderbilt Cup Race

Colonel and Mrs. Garland were at the Waldorf, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers at the Holland. As the race was scheduled to begin at six in the morning, the party was obliged to make an early start, the track being twenty-five miles distant from New York. They had breakfast at 1:30 in the morning, and by 4 o'clock were at the grounds. But upward of three hundred thousand spectators, on foot, in carriages, and in automobiles, had preceded them and a hunt for a choice position began. Front spaces were selling at \$70 a motor width and few obtainable at that. A colored boy offered to steer them to a good spot, for a consideration. It was government property and not under lease. "Stand pat, boss," advised the darkey, "and don't let anybody bluff you out."

Bluffed All the Chevaliers

They steamed into position at 5 o'clock in a drizzling rain. It was a choice location. But they were hardly settled when a man tried to hold them up for ten dollars, for rent. He was given the gentle "josh." Others came, a dozen of the alleged agents of the "owners," all told, and all looking for easy money. They didn't get it. Even a policeman who was badgered into the game was laughed off by the versatile colonel. Finally, they were left alone, the Los Angeleno proving more than a match for the New York chevaliers of industry. They held their ground until 10:30 when the race was over, and then attacked the "light" luncheon which Mr. Rogers had volunteered to provide.

Mr. Rogers' "Light" Luncheon

That light luncheon is another story worth while. It had been put up by the chef of the Holland himself. Mr. Rogers had engaged it for five persons, to include the chauffeur, and with visions of dainty little sandwiches, averaging a bite to each had ordered three dozen, with fruit, olives and white rock on the side. When the boxes were opened there was an exclamation. Each sandwich was of huge size and so thick with chicken that one bite was almost a meal. They managed to eat nearly one apiece and the remaining thirty-one were distributed among the unwashed. I believe Mr. Rogers' bill for this "light" luncheon was about forty dollars, which was settled on a compromise basis, however.

Help Up at Dedham

Altogether, about 3,500 miles were traversed by Colonel and Mrs. Garland in their touring through Canada and New England, and although the California club's president holds the "dog" record for such an outing, only once did he run afoul of the authorities for alleged speeding. It happened just out of Boston, and I believe Dr. Guy Cochran and Mrs. Cochran were of the party at the time. On a beautiful down hill grade toward Dedham, which nestled on their right, the going was perfect, and I presume the wheels revolved rapidly all unconsciously, so far as the owner of the auto was concerned. As they turned toward the Providence road, at a beautiful gait, they were hailed by a constable and, not

wishing to appear rude, the chauffeur was ordered to halt the machine. The New England official would listen to no explanations. To the Dedham chief of police with them! And they went.

Made the Chief of Police Weep

Here the colonel expanded himself on beautiful oratory. I am told it was the finest "con" talk that ever was "spieled" by a stranger in a strange land. Indeed, it moved the chief to tears. But, alas, he was of Puritan stock and he sadly admitted he had heard a similar tale before, but, never, he confessed, quite so admirably rendered. The Los Angeleno would have to remain over until next day, however, and tell it once more to the judge. This was too much! Was there no alternative? Yes, there was. Perhaps the clerk of the court could arrange it. He would and could. Fifteen dollars, the probable fine, and seven dollars costs; total twenty-two. By leaving that sum they could continue their journey. If the judge found the chauffeur not guilty the amount would be refunded. Colonel Garland felt a stinging sensation behind the ear, as he separated himself from the twenty-two and then they burnt up the road between Dedham and Providence. But, thus far, the victim has had no report on his case. He hopes the clerk of the court and the chief of police did not forget to notify him of his triumphant acquittal. They know he was going only eighteen miles an hour—when they pulled up, he told them so himself.

Manager Sherman Led the Mourners

I am glad to learn from President E. P. Clark of the Los Angeles-Pacific railroad that in the fire last Monday, which swept through the building on Fourth street occupied as the general offices of the company, all the valuable papers were saved from the auditor's department and the losses were fairly well covered by insurance. Of course, great inconvenience resulted, the fire having forestalled the intention of the management by about two weeks, when it was planned to move into the building owned by the company on Hill street, adjoining the terminus of its beach lines. On my way over to the club that evening, I passed Robert H. Sherman, general manager of the road, accompanied by Messrs. Gillis, McDonald, and Bugbee, walking two and two, hats pulled low, each puffing gloomily at a long black cigar, eyes cast downward. As they filed into the late headquarters of the undertaker's establishment vacated for the railroad, I was forcibly reminded of mourners preparing for coming obsequies. However, examination next day, proved that the fire was not nearly so disastrous as was feared, and the four officials have abandoned their glum looks and will not affect "weepers" just yet.

L. A.-P. Refunding Bonds

There is to be new financing of the Los Angeles-Pacific and a total of \$12,000,000 of refunding bonds is to be issued upon the property, the proceeds to be used for rehabilitation. I hear that the new securities will bear only 4 1/2 per cent interest and are to be guaranteed by the Southern Pacific. If this proves anything it is that E. H. Harriman is convinced that a four and a half per cent traction bond will be easily salable in the New York market, and who better knows that game than the astute president of the Southern Pacific?

Driving Club Thanksgiving Day Races

Matinee races Thanksgiving day at Agricultural give promise of good sport, as the Los Angeles Driving club bids fair to make a record. The program includes a handicap pace, after the manner of the \$50,000 handicap trot in Boston; an effort by Copa de Oro, 2:03 1/4, to lower the coast wagon record for pacers; a free-for-all trot, with the grand circuit campaigner, Carlockin, in, besides several class races, together with a most amusing "novelty" race on horseback.

Franklin K. Lane's Status

Franklin K. Lane, interstate commerce commissioner, is due in Los Angeles in a week, for the purpose of holding several sessions of the board of which he is a member. It will be recalled that Mr. Lane, years ago, came within four thousand votes of being governor of California, and that prior to that time he was city attorney of San Francisco, and nearly mayor of that city, having been defeated by Eugene E. Schmitz, of boodling memory. Twenty years ago, Lane was a reporter on the San Francisco Chronicle, and but for the fact that he and Theodore Roosevelt became cronies while the latter was police commissioner of the city of New York, and Lane was covering police headquarters in that city, the

former would not now be drawing a salary of \$7,500 a year and expenses, with possibly a life-long tenure of office. It is said that next to Benjamin Ide Wheeler, head of the state university, Franklin K. Lane has more influence at the White House at this time than any other individual in California. It is further stated that existing conditions are to continue throughout the Taft administration. This in spite of the fact that Franklin K. Lane is a Democrat.

Isidor Jacob's Notable Record

Los Angeles has been entertaining a notable San Franciscan this week in the person of Isidor Jacobs, president of the California Canneries company, and a stalwart leader in the cause of civic reform. As president of the Good Government league of the northern metropolis, Mr. Jacobs really initiated the graft prosecution, and at no time has he abated his support of the forces for the right that have manfully contended against the grafters and evildoers generally, whose bad influences have been so detrimental to the progress and ethical uplift of his native city. He has been a tower of strength to the mercantile and manufacturing interests of San Francisco in his fight for favorable freight rates, his efforts dating from the establishing of the California Freight Rate association, of which he was the founder and first president.

Example of His Probity of Character

Mr. Jacobs bears an enviable reputation for sterling honesty and strength of character. Years ago he was connected with the A. Lusk company, which was the pioneer canning company of California, having been founded by the elder Jacobs in 1860. Fifteen years ago the concern failed in business, with debts aggregating \$185,000. Although the son owned only thirty per cent of the stock, his father being dead, he voluntarily obligated himself to clear off this load of debt and last month he paid to one bank \$65,000, which completed the liquidation in full of the old concern his father had founded. It is a notable example of commercial probity. It was made possible by the great success of the California Canning company, of which he is the head, owning sixty-five per cent of its stock, and which did last year a business of one and a half millions.

Coming to Los Angeles to Live

At the time of the big fire the company was wiped out, with all others, but by May 10, twenty-eight days after the disaster, the ground was cleared for new buildings and the new machinery speeding westward. His company was the only one that was able to take care of that season's fruit crop when it matured. Mr. Jacobs is thinking seriously of retiring from active participation in the business next year, leaving to his brother and sons the burdens he has so long carried. He is greatly charmed with Los Angeles and intends buying a home at one of the nearby beaches and living here part of the year. He sees a great future for this city and is certain the harbor traffic in the near future will give Los Angeles an impetus that will double her present population in a few years.

Why the Gila is Muddled

There is sorrow along the Hassayampa, and the waters of the Gila have turned a reddish yellow. The Colorado is in mourning, and down by the Arizona border from Yuma to Lake Palomas, and from the grand canon to Sonora, the populace is in a stupor. The result of the late election has just become apparent out that way and the defeat of Marcus Aurelius Smith, with all that it signifies, has been borne in to a constituency that for a long time yet will not be convinced other than that the world has turned topsy-turvy and life no longer is worth the living. However, the defeat of Mark may prove a blessing in disguise to the people of Arizona. His successor, being a Republican, will be more in touch with the leaders at Washington, and in that way may be able to hasten statehood for the territory. If Arizona is admitted, with a Republican control of territorial affairs during the transitory period, all previous political calculations would be upset, so far as the two new United States senators are concerned. Instead of Col. Epes Randolph, and Col. W. C. Greene, Democrats, or Col. Eugene Ives, and Col. Frank Cox, the new senators probably would be Col. Hugh Morrison of Prescott, and Col. Cameron of Phoenix, the latter the new congressman. Of course, Col. "Bill" Greene might have the honor thrust upon him, regardless of party, as he continues to rank among the most popular men in the territory. It is curious that while the entire southern section of Arizona is rabidly Demo-

cratic, the northern counties are as ardently Republican in their party politics. In the north the Santa Fe is in control, with its lines building or in the field, while in the southern section the Southern Pacific for years has been on guard. So that with Arizona Republican, its two United States senators are pretty certain to be friendly to the interests of E. P. Ripley in Washington, while with Democrats on guard E. H. Harriman will get first aid to the injured. That neither side will suffer, no matter what the politics of the new state may develop, is as safe a gamble as any other, of course.

Will Chapin's Ideal Life

Among the ranchers from out of town who came in to help celebrate prosperity week and home products was Will E. Chapin, former head of the Times art department, and a mighty likable, as he is an all-around clever man. Will and his equally clever wife are living on a big 2,000-acre stock ranch in Fresno county, owned jointly by the Chapins and their son-in-law. I have seen photographs of bits of the scenery on Miramonte ranch and they do not belie the name of the attractive place. Deep woods, lakes, valleys and hills make diversified and fascinating scenery. Glorious outings are had by the ci-devant city man. While both Mr. and Mrs. Chapin are devoted to horseback riding and long tramps afoot, they have not abandoned the gentler arts. This winter Will Chapin has a commission to illustrate a book on adventures in pursuit of big game, and Mrs. Chapin is at work on a play, having a mountain region for a background.

Barlow Sanatorium's Annual Report

That admirable institution the Barlow Sanatorium for Poor Consumptives, of which James Slauson is president and Dr. W. Jarvis Barlow is secretary and treasurer, has issued its fifth annual report, a trifle belated owing to the absence of Dr. Barlow, in attendance upon the International Congress on Tuberculosis at Washington last month. I have before alluded to the silver medal awarded by that body to the sanatorium for its exhibit of two models of the Solano infirmary and type of cottages used, and an honorable mention for effective work in sanatorium treatment among the working classes, both of which gratifying recognitions are noted by the secretary in his report to the president, directors and advisory board.

Work of the Institution

In the last year, the Barlow Sanatorium has had constantly thirty or more cases under treatment, with an average weekly individual cost of \$8.29, exclusive of all permanent improvements and donations of supplies. This is a greater per capita than the year previous, due to the increased cost of living and a decrease in supplies donated. There are now thirty-six available beds in the institution, an increase of four since the last report. It is a subject for gratulation that the method in vogue for the last five years at the sanatorium, that of caring for advanced cases of tuberculosis in order to prevent the spread of the infection, is the plan most approved by the international congress, a change from the idea that was prevalent among the majority prior to the discussion at Washington. Of the patients treated, twelve have been on the absolutely free list. The total receipts of the sanatorium was \$7,184.25, and expenses \$12,917, leaving a deficit of \$5,736.65, which has been met by the dues from life and yearly subscribers, donations, and the balance on hand from the second garden fete.

Opportunity for Benevolences

I am glad to note that the Native Sons of the Golden West have built a cottage, patterned after the approved type in use at the sanatorium, at a cost of \$500, which entitles the society to the same privileges enjoyed by other associations which have taken similar action. Through the generosity of Mrs. J. S. Slauson, the grounds have been beautified and extended and the outlook thereby rendered more attractive to the patients. I would remind the benevolently-inclined that accommodations are needed for twice the number now being taken and that life members and yearly subscribers are always welcome. Five hundred dollars will endow a bed. It is a noble charity and deserves liberal support.

Dividends on Times Stock

Writing of newspapers, I am informed that the Los Angeles Times, whose fiscal year ended September 30, makes a splendid showing of prosperity to stockholders, although not quite up to the figures of the year preceding. I have not seen the report, such information naturally being

closely guarded, but I am told that the total net earnings, as compared with 1907, fall off about ten per cent. That is to say, while the Times showed a clean profit of close to a quarter of a million dollars in 1906-7, this year the earnings were about twenty per cent on the capital of the business, which is not quite \$2,000,000. Not a bad showing for a lean season. It may surprise the public to learn that, with its vast earning powers, the Los Angeles Times pays only a three per cent annual dividend to its stockholders, checks for which are mailed monthly. Several times a year, however, a melon is distributed and the extra payments are much more toothsome than is the regular cut of the cake. Last year, as an illustration, the total dividends amounted to nine per cent upon \$2,000,000. The stock is valued at about \$2,000 a share, with none to be had. General H. G. Otis controls the property by holding in his name more than half of its shares.

Henry Callender's Combination Poetry

At the wedding supper given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Stuart, Henry Callender, brother-in-law of the bride, read four stanzas of poetry two of which were his own and two of Tom Moore's. His father-in-law, W. C. Patterson, the well-known banker, greatly admired both the sentiment and the verse, but he suggested to Harry a slight change in the verbiage of the first stanza. As that was the Irish bard's own, however, Harry demurred, and the poem was allowed to go unaltered. It won't hurt to reproduce Tom Moore's immortal lines here, and the second and fourth stanzas of Harry Callender's are so good that it would detract from their beauty to remove the context. The poem as read at the supper is as follows:

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou would'st still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

For love that is worthy and ever sincere,
Is eternal, and springs from the soul,
And increases in volume, as year follows year,
As a river gains force with each roll;
Though the blossom will fade, when its brief day
is done,
Yet the fruit from the ruin is born,
And is nourished and warmed by the rays of the sun—
So our love shall life's pathway adorn.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns to her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

So though life's afflictions may hedge us about,
And youth shall fade slowly away,
My love shall remove from thy heart every doubt,
As the sun turns drear night into day.
'Tis but they dear self, growing ever more dear,
That I cherish, and will to the end;
And the star of our love shall e'er brighter appear,
Till our souls in sweet unison blend.

Desmond's Bell Sign Post

I did not know until a day or two ago that C. C. Desmond, in addition to his many other accomplishments, courted the muse. But to those who doubt I call attention to the bell sign just inside the Spring street entrance to his big store, which is a reproduction, by the way, of the old sign post marking the divergent roads and historic points of interest along El Camino Real in Los Angeles county. In place of the road signs on the rectangular boards appear these lines:

Welcome! You can pass right through,
Desmond keeps this store for you;
From morn till night, 'tis his delight
To have you ever in his sight.

This store is open every day,
From Spring to Third just come this way;
If you pass through 'tis Desmond's pleasure
To give you joy in fullest measure.

Examiner's New Business Manager

Max Ihmsen, who has had most to do with the making of William Randolph Hearst first a New York state and later a national political factor, has permitted himself to become part of the permanent population of Los Angeles. Mr. Ihmsen will be business manager of the Examiner of this city, beginning with the new year, and at present he is engaged in mastering the details of that po-

sition. He learned the Hearst newspaper game and its political incidentals, in New York city, from which vantage point he directed the forces of his chief in the attempt to land for the Examiner's owner the Democratic presidential nomination four years ago. Later, he commanded the Hearst forces in the New York mayoralty campaign, and in the contest wherein William Randolph Hearst was not elected governor of the Empire state.

Divorce Ethics in Verse

From a lawyer friend, who is possessed of a large fund of humor, I am in receipt of the following colloquy in verse, said to be a faithful transcript of what transpired in his office:

Husband: "Can one for loss of mind divorce obtain?"
Lawyer: "O, yes, I think so. Is your wife insane?"
Husband: "My wife is not insane, but I infer I must have been so when I married her."
Lawyer: "You cannot in that case procure divorce, Your wife, however, can do so, of course."
Husband: "But she, contrary thing, will not apply. So I a married man must live and die."

Vernon's Claims to Distinction

How many of the good people of Los Angeles are aware that out in Vernon, a suburb adjoining this city, there exists an ordinance which allows a prize-fight knockout, without police interference. In no place else in the United States is the game permitted to flourish to this extent. The Vernon town council charges a fee of \$100 a month for the privilege, and the license has been paid for a year in advance by the Los Angeles promoters of the enterprise, who were anxious a long time ago, to take no chances on a sudden shut-out. In addition to the above distinction *Vernon also is famous for having as its city attorney Gesner Williams, Independence league candidate for attorney-general of California two years ago, and in the recent election the head and front of the Hearst political party in Southern California.

Dr. Hoag's New Health Book

Pasadena's literary colony is to have a recruit in the person of Dr. Ernest B. Hoag, director of health work in Throop institute and the Pasadena city schools, who has written what I am told is an excellent manual for use in the public schools, entitled "Health Studies or Applied Hygiene and Physiology." D. C. Heath & Co. of Boston will publish the book, which has an introduction by President Jordan of Stanford. I happen to know, personally, of Dr. Hoag's good work at Throop and in the public schools of Pasadena, and feel sure that the many schools looking for a practical book of this helpful nature will welcome its advent.

Reversing Legal Precedents

Time works wonders in politics as well as in other directions. Here is Henry T. Gage, for years the wonder-worker among lawyers in the defense of millionaire newspaper owners accused of libel, now prosecuting such a case. And that, too, before a judge whose firm for years assisted the ex-governor when the latter was on the other end of such litigation. When Mr. Gage was governor, he declined to appoint that same judge to the bench, on the ground—well, just for personal reasons. And now that same judge—but what is the use in revamping an old story?

Will Stephens in Training

They do say, those who profess to be a part of the details, that Will D. Stephens is certain to be the Republican nominee for congress, either in 1909, or two years later. There is to be a new apportionment within four years, at which time Los Angeles will have two members of the lower house in Washington. The present program is for Congressman McLachlan to be selected from the section outside of the city, leaving to Stephens the new district inside of the corporate limits of the metropolis.

Elks Will Draw Big Crowd

According to present calculations, at least 100,000 visitors will be here during the annual Elks' meeting, scheduled to be held in Los Angeles next summer. Postmaster M. H. Flint, who is conversant with the facts, says that the figure named is not exaggerated. More than a hundred special trains from the east already have been chartered for the trip, while up in

Seattle a special steamer, the largest on the Pacific coast, has been secured, to bring a crowd of more than 1,200 persons from Puget Sound.

Admiral Evans Heads Harbor Company

I have it on the best authority that Admiral "Bob" Evans has accepted the presidency of the Los Angeles Harbor company, and will come here to live after the holidays. It is also said that New York capital in unlimited quantities has been enlisted in the corporation officered by Messrs. Bird and Arkell. The latter has recently returned from New York, where he appears to have been highly successful in interesting his old friends in the harbor enterprise. I have always been impressed that the plan of operation proposed was both sound and feasible, and I look to see the affairs of the company move ahead at an accelerated tempo from now on.

Jonathan Club Lid Is Lifted

Although the lid remains on at the California club, I understand that it has been lifted at the Jonathan, where the long dry spell that began with the Woolwine raid of the California has resulted in a loss of several thousand dollars in revenues. In the event that the Ewing decision is upheld by the supreme court and a club liquor license is forced, it is more than probable that so far as the Jonathan club is concerned an increase of monthly dues there will follow, as a matter of course. The decision is expected inside of thirty days.

Wankowskis Headed Homeward

General Robert Wankowski and Mrs. Wankowski reached Paris Tuesday of this week, and by Monday they will have started upon their return to Los Angeles. They will be accompanied by Mrs. Wankowski's mother whose illness in Europe sent them flying across the Atlantic. The Wankowskis found in their stateroom, when they left New York, a floral tribute, ordered by telegraph from Al Malaikah temple, and the letters that have arrived here, as a consequence, have raised the general several notches among members of the Arab patrol.

John Elliott's Promotion Likely

Paul Cowles is back at his San Francisco post as Pacific coast head of the Associated Press, after an absence in New York of about six months. E. A. Moore, for a number of years in charge of the Los Angeles office, who relieved Cowles for the time, has returned to New York headquarters. Moore is said to be booked for the Chicago superintendency, and I hear that John B. Elliott, now in charge here, soon is to be transferred to Washington headquarters.

Jonathan Club Jinks

Preparations are under way for the annual Jonathan jinks, which have come to be regarded as a distinctive feature of that popular club. The former annual municipal election in Virgin valley, is not to take place this year, it is said. Other surprises, much more startling, are on the cards, but as secrecy has been enjoined among those who know what is doing, I refrain from giving further publicity to the subject at this time.

Phil Stanton as Speaker

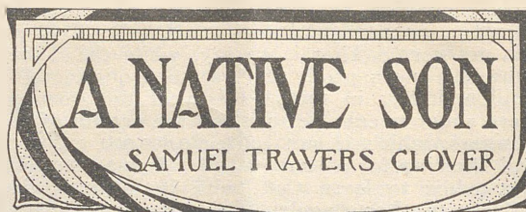
No more legislative patronage, and no more sixty-day sessions of the two houses in Sacramento, with pay! Just what will be the result, whether it will be for the good of the state or the reverse, time will tell. Meanwhile, it looks as if Phil Stanton finally is to land his heart's desire, as the speakership of the lower house probably will be his for the asking. The district once before had similar distinction. It was in the days when Cornelius W. Pendleton was its assemblyman.

Kern to Succeed Edwards

There is to be a change in the personnel of the board of public works early in the new year, and in place of Commissioner Edwards it is likely that we shall see Commissioner Edward Kern on the big job in that department of the public service. That will mean a reorganization of the police department, with a new chief, whose identity as yet has not been determined.

Edna Likes Ocean Park

According to private letters from New York, Nat C. Goodwin and Edna Goodrich Goodwin, are to occupy the Goodwin cottage at Ocean Park early in the new year. They will remain in Southern California indefinitely, as the latest Mrs. Goodwin is extremely fond of the Ocean Park house, where she and her mother lived two summers ago.



VIII. (Continued)

That evening the president of a big eastern university was to be the honored guest and to Philip was assigned the pleasurable duty of meeting him at his hotel and escorting him to the club house. As they entered the reception room the assembled members rose en masse and in concert gave the well-known college yell that the visiting "prexy" had heard so often on his own university campus. A gratified smile wreathed his kindly face at this characteristic welcome and he bowed right and left while a number of his "old boys" crowded forward to shake his hand.

"God bless 'em, I love the lads," he confided to Philip as they sat at dinner. "To think I should find so many of the alumni two thousand miles away from their alma mater!"

Between courses the "boys" regaled him with college songs of the old vintage, in the choruses of which he joined with a vim. When a song was started bearing a sly allusion to his honored name he entered into the fun of the thing heartily and no one pounded the table with more zest than "prexy" himself.

When he was invited to address the club, what profound silence! His dear, gray head towered above the tables, around which 150 pairs of keen young eyes were focused on his, and for a space he couldn't speak. Then he found his voice and for thirty minutes there flowed from his lips a stream of pleasing anecdote, homely wisdom, gentle words of advice, college stories, personal reminiscences. When he sat down a storm of applause followed and in the good fellowship song of praise not a soul abstained from joining. It was a joyous occasion.

Vaughn and half a dozen kindred spirits sat at a table opposite Philip. Their witticisms kept that part of the room in a continuous uproar, to the great delight of the guest of the evening, who caught many of their choicest bon mots. "Honestly," he admitted to his escort, as they parted at the hotel door, "I haven't enjoyed such an evening since I was a youngster at Brown. I shall not soon forget this experience."

Next day, letter writing and final instructions to his confidential clerk kept Philip busy until train time; in fact, he did not get to the station until the five-minute warning bell had sounded. Luckily, his trunk had been checked that forenoon.

Vaughn was pacing the space between the tracks as he came up.

"You're a nice chap," he exclaimed, following him into the sleeper. "Don't you know I'm afflicted with heart disease and for ten minutes have had all kinds of palpitations fearing you'd miss my company. Give an account of yourself."

Philip laughed. "As usual, I crowded into a few hours what I ought to have planned for as many days. As it was I came near forgetting my best friend," and he extracted a volume of Emerson's essays from a side pocket and tucked it away in a corner of the cushioned seat. "That, now, would have been a calamity," he concluded.

His companion solemnly acquiesced, adding, "I entirely overlooked mine, but was lucky enough to find a copy at the bookstand in the station," and with elaborate care he placed a cheap French novel, bearing a flame-colored design of a female figure on the paper cover, alongside Philip's book. "There Mademoiselle Fifi," he admonished, "rest easy beside a proper New England gentleman."

Philip chuckled. "Hubert, you're absolutely incorrigible. Keep that scarlet cover face down, 'an you love me. Think what a shock to my sensibilities if I should be suspected of its ownership."

"O, trust me, laddie," quoted the other. "I'm protection enough, surely. Wonder who's on the train we know?" he added, irrelevantly.

"Haven't seen a soul," commented Philip; "haven't had a chance, in fact. Perhaps the diner will show us familiar faces."

They pulled out their traveling caps, adjusted their traps in their respective berths, which faced each other, and looked over the evening papers. They were still engrossed in the latest war news when the first call for dinner was announced by a white-coated negro.

Hubert yawned, tossed his paper on the oppo-

site seat and rising, announced his intention of "washing up." Philip followed him down the aisle remarking, "Well, I'm ready. Fact is, I was so rushed at noon I had to skip luncheon."

They were shown to a table for two. Philip sat with his back to the door. Hubert read off the bill of fare with a running comment on the dishes offered. "It's all good," he protested. "Dissect the game and you'll find the name of 'Harvey' engraved on each gizzard. All the ducks die happy knowing they'll be served without spoiling."

At this the colored attendant showed the whites of his eyes and grinned.

"See," declared Philip, sotto voce, "you have one admiring slave, anyhow," whereat Hubert made a grimace.

While they were waiting for the reappearance of the darkey with their orders Vaughn asked:

"How is it, senator, that you manage to ride on the Limited. I understood passes were not good on this train."

"Vaughn, how often must I tell you that I prefer to pay my fare. You know, as well as I, that no good reason exists why I should accept transportation favors from a railroad. Because I'm a member of the legislature is all the more reason why I should not, in fact. It isn't that I'm opposed to corporations, per se; I'm not. I believe in the protection of vested interests and would even give special privileges where the public could be better served by so doing. But I can appease my conscience better by voting without a string. I might be tempted to do the railroads an injustice if I took their mileage."

"Strange and unconventional man," returned his companion. "I, too, could be ultra-conscientious had I your bank account. What a pity the law doesn't prohibit any but millionaires from representing the voter at the state capital. Just think! Remove the necessity for temptation and the battle for honesty and decency in politics is two-thirds won. Philip, here's your chance: Introduce a bill at the next session covering this point."

"And receive the execrations of my constituents for attempting class legislation, eh? No, thank you, my boy; I may be radical on a few things, but I'm not so foolish as I may look."

"Your looks, my dear fellow"—here Hubert rose, smiled profusely and bowed repeatedly as a bevy of pretty girls occupied the two double tables across the aisle.

"Here's a go!" he whispered, sitting down and speaking behind his serviette. "Miss Morton and a brood of lovely damsels from the Casa de las Flores are on the train."

"What!" exclaimed Philip, for the moment forgetting the proprieties. Then controlling his voice, he added, "This is great luck!"

"O, do you know the brilliant Miss Barbara?"

"I have met her," was the guarded reply. "One of the party, Margery Peabody, is a daughter of my friend and colleague, Senator Peabody of Santa Clara."

Half turning in his seat he chanced to catch the eye of Barbara, at that instant directed his way. Both blushed and bowed. Margery, who had the aisle seat, leaned forward and put out her hand.

"This IS a treat," she gasped. "Why didn't you let us know?"

"I'll explain later," was all he had a chance to say for just then his waiter happened along with a tray load of eatables and conversation perforce ceased.

[To be Continued]

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Ever since the late Dr. William Henry Drummond published "The Habitant," and other French-Canadian poems, in the quaint patois of the native of lower Quebec province, the reputation and popularity of the author have steadily advanced, each new book of poems being warmly welcomed by a large audience that has learned to appreciate at their true worth the delightful humor and tender sympathy of the Irish-Canadian poet. It was his big heart and great sympathies that made it possible for an alien to comprehend so wonderfully the nature of the habitant farmer, whose heart and soul he seemed to penetrate almost by intuition, until the moods, mainsprings of action, drollness and quaintness of the French-Canadian are revealed by the masterly touch of genius.

Who that is familiar with "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," "Poleon Dore," "Johnny Courteau," "The Voyageur," "The Rossignol," "Baptiste," and other of his more familiar habitant poems, will not rejoice at the prospect of getting a fresh supply in "The Great Fight," the last collection, alas, that the public will have from a pen that is now forever stilled. In this final volume are brought together the poems and sketches which remained unpublished at the time of Dr. Drummond's death, April 6, 1907, when, stricken with cerebral hemorrhage, at Cobalt, Ont., whither he had hurried from Montreal, on what he conceived to be a call of duty, he passed away after lying unconscious for five days.

His wife, May Harvey Drummond, has contributed a short, but deeply interesting, biographical sketch of her beloved husband, and the doctor's old friend, E. W. Thomson, of Ottawa adds a sympathetic poem of appreciation, as also does Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. The "Great Fight" is lovingly dedicated by Mrs. Drummond—who edited the posthumous poems and sketches—to "Those Three Brothers, who were his pride and joy while he lived, and now that he has gone, remain a strong tower of defense to his family." As with the preceding volumes, the present one is charmingly illustrated by Frederick Sampson Coburn, a warm personal friend of the poet-doctor. ("The Great Fight: Poems and Sketches." By William Henry Drummond. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Florida Enchantments"

Hunting with the camera and fishing for the camera form the theme of a charming volume by A. W. and Julian Dimock, which is appropriately entitled "Florida Enchantments." They who are under the impression that hunting with the camera is a prosaic, uneventful diversification from the convention forms of recreation will stand corrected when they read it. The authors, at intervals, were engaged in capturing specimens, live manatee, alligators and other rare fish, flesh and fowl, for the New York aquarium, incidentally manipulating the camera for literary and illustrative purposes.

And there was excitement a-plenty! The manatee is a harmless mammal, unlike the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus and other cows and pigs of the watery deeps; but an animal weighing a ton or more and, having deep-seated objections to being captured, can make things mighty interesting upon occasion. Also, few men would care to undergo the incidental hard work. It really seems as if the captors were as amphibious as the manatee and alligator themselves. Nobody will go to sleep over the chapters relating the chase of the alligator and Florida crocodile. The Messrs. Dimock, with the assistance of a native, had captured a large specimen by harpooning it.

As they reached the reptile the boy again struck it, but its patience had been quite worn out. Rising to the surface and opening his great mouth to its fullest extent, the monster dashed upon the skiff and took the side of the boat between his huge jaws. The breaking out of a piece of the gunwale caused his upper jaw to slip, and saved the

boat from instant destruction. I attacked the reptile with a harpoon and he turned on our skiff with open mouth; and, as I repelled him with my harpoon pole, he bit it in three pieces. Tom pulled for the bushes and announced that he had had enough, nor could he be induced to come out.

This particular crocodile, stuffed, now adorns an eastern museum. There is a chapter and frequent mention of tarpon fishing, but the sport was more for the benefit of the camera man than anyone else. Remarkable pictures are shown of the silver king in midair, but the angler will miss the thrills that come with the reading of Holder and Rhead. However, there are compensations. Listen:

Would you reach the ultima thule of tarpon fishing and touch the very heart of the game? Then forget all that has been written here.

Take your best girl out in a little canoe, and don't bother with rod and reel, but provide a trolling outfit, which is less tiresome to a fisherwoman, and leaves one hand free. The lady should troll the lure—for the tarpon—about fifty feet behind the canoe, while you paddle silently, that not a whisper may be lost, through channels, up bayous, around and between islands, from whose pendant branches hang great bunches of oysters, begging to be eaten. Your course should lead through beautiful winding rivers, with banks covered with pine, cypress, liveoak, palmetto, and red cedar; adorned with mistletoe and thousands of air plants, and fragrant with magnolia and jessamine. From the trees hang festoons of gray Spanish moss and great cables of swinging vines.

As each bend in the river is passed, ducks rise from the water and snipe from the banks. Herons, great and small, flap their lazy wings. Night herons fly squawking; pine curlews flutter from the trees, snake birds drop from the boughs into the water, and clumsy pelicans wing their way with intermittent stroke to other waters.

The sudden plunge of the alligator disturbed in his siesta and his bed, is followed by the cautious uplifting of a pair of unwinking eyes, which gravely gaze at you. Occasionally, a startled deer stands in bold relief on the bank for the instant preceding the toss of his white tail, which is the last you see of him. Just as you have forgotten that you are fishing, there will come a tug at the trailing line, a cry from the girl who holds it, and, if it is your first tarpon, the most glorious sight you ever beheld—the wild leap of the silver king.

Now, this is not fishing, by the rules of the game, but it is most distinctly a Florida enchantment.

There are chapters on "The Chase of the Dolphin," "The Bee Hunter," "Life in a Bird Rookery," "Canoeing in the Surf," "Passing of a Wilderness," "Making Moonshine," and several others, all of real human interest and in harmony with those here more fully outlined. The authors make a plea for the birds and animals that are being so ruthlessly exterminated in Florida, thus cutting off by rapid degrees, some of the state's most attractive features. It is a book that every hunter, fisherman and lover of nature will greatly appreciate. ("Florida Enchantments." By A. W. and Julian Dimock. The Outing Company.) C. V. B.

"Story of 9009"

Almost too terrible in its realism is the story of a convict, "9009," by James Hopper and Fred R. Becholdt. It is the kind of a story which makes the reader on fire against the injustice of justice, and those who have the power to mete it out. The atmosphere of the book is best explained in the words of the authors themselves:

The impulse which moved us to write this book was primarily indignation—indignation at facts. At facts learned slowly and gradually by one of us through years of patient investigation, and then told, all in one mass, to the other, who thus came to them with an abruptness giving intense vision. A work written in the fervor of indignation is apt to be violent, unbalanced and unjust. We were alive to this danger; after some thought, we saw how we could best avoid it. It was by using in the story facts only. "9009" is a story made of facts—a fact story.

By this we do not mean that "9009" is a biography. Convict 9009—John Collins—exists only in our imagination. But every thing that happens to 9009 within the prison is some thing which has happened to some convict in some prison (American prison) some time. And much worse things could have happened to 9009. By which we mean that much worse things have happened to some convicts in some prisons some times—and we know of these things.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's

The Diva's Ruby

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So that, besides sticking to truth in writing the story of 9009, we have done more. We have eliminated what was too terrible about this truth, and in the expression of that which we have divulged, we have used repression. The result, we think, is a simple, clear, compressed story, all of action, which shows how Society, through sheer, crass stupidity, creates a Munster, which then it has to destroy (stupidly) at the cost of labor, blood, and (which may concern it more) of much gold.

So John Collins' career is followed from the prison door to his cell, through years of prison routine, which gradually makes of him a savage, sullen animal, to his ultimate release and its terrible price. It is a tragedy, and most tragic in that it is not only that of 9009, but of countless others, perhaps. ("9009." By James Hopper and Fred R. Becholdt. The McClure Company.)

"The Diva's Ruby"

Unlike a great many sequels, "The Diva's Ruby," by F. Marion Crawford, doesn't depend upon the preceding books for its interest. Margaret Donne, the heroine of "Primadonna," and "Fair Margaret," is again the leading figure, but her affairs touch upon several other persons, notably the mysterious young ruby merchant. Naturally enough, the style of the book is capital. Mr. Crawford is sufficiently well known as the master of a smooth flowing diction in which the interest never flags. The story is purely romance and adventure, full of surprises and mystery and very satisfactory as such, but those who prefer Mr. Crawford in his psychological studies, as, for instance, "A Lady of Rome," will not be quite content. ("The Diva's Ruby." By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company.)

"History of California"

Accurate knowledge of the history of California is so recent that it is a little startling that in August, 1775, about four months after the battle of Lexington, the first white men sailed into the bay of San Francisco. There is an indefinite and rather satisfied idea that history began in 1849, and the first white men sailed in prairie schooners, through the mountains from the east. These ideas and many other false ones are definitely settled by Mrs. Helen Elliott Bandini, in a little volume written for young readers, entitled, "History of California."

Affiliation with old Spanish families has given Mrs. Bandini exceptional opportunities to secure records and maps not possible to the ordinary historian and the little volume, although written for children, contains much interesting information for older readers. After most entertaining detail as to early settlers and the native Indians, the building of the missions, the finding of gold, the account of the building of the railroad is as full of romance and adventure as all else.

There was much discussion of a possible route for the Central Pacific at Washington, but no agreement could be reached until finally Senator Benton spoke in favor of a line that had just been surveyed by Captain Fremont. He was told by those who had other plans that his route was not possible, that only scientific men could lay out a railroad. Senator Benton's reply is notable: "There is," said he, "a class

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of scientific engineers older than the schools and more unerring than mathematics. They are the wild animals—the buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, and bear—which traverse the forest, not by compass, but by an instinct which leads them always the right way to the lowest passes in the mountains, the shortest practicable route between two distant points. They are the first engineers to lay out a road; the Indian follows. After that the buffalo road becomes the wagon road of the emigrant, and lastly, the railroad of the scientific man.

Finally, in June, 1861, Leland Stanford, a young lawyer, who was at that time Sacramento's chief grocer; Mark Hopkins, and Collis P. Huntington, hardware merchants; and Charles Crocker, proprietor of the leading dry goods store, met and organized the Central Pacific Railroad company. So was history made. Mrs. Bandini leaves nothing of interest, including Luther Burbank and the most modern of everything. The illustrations add greatly to the interest of the text, as they are from original sources, including old sketches never before published. It is a history for every school in the state to use. ("History of California." By Helen Elliott Bandini. American Book Co.)

"The Shadow World," Hamlin Garland's account of his own experiments, and those of European scientists, covering sixteen years' investigation into the so-called spiritistic realm, has been published in book form by Harper & Brothers. It is said that in "The Shadow World" Mr. Garland offers a new hypothesis in explanation of the bewildering "spirit" forces, and, furthermore, that this hypothesis will have nothing to do with the communication of the living with the dead.



By Blanche Rogers Lott

Years ago, when Los Angeles was a town, there was some excuse for musicians appearing at "musicales," "teas," and functions in general, for no remuneration. Talented musicians would have died of stagnation had it been otherwise. When a mere child my lot was cast in a small college town where the physician had so diminutive a practice that for the sake of appearances he drove in a circuitous and diametrical direction twice a day. Watch our leading specialists, surgeons and various M. Ds. today in Los Angeles. Their automobiles go faster and their charges grow larger every year.

There are musicians in Los Angeles today who do not and never have appeared gratuitously, and without exception the reader will find these same musicians are they who have the most engagements today. The question of musical ethics should be looked into by the professionals of Los Angeles. A sensible ethical code governs the members of every other profession. If a lawyer undercharges, or breaks any part of the ethics of that profession he is called a shyster. If a doctor uses certain modes of advertising or cuts prices, he is known as a faker. The same does not apply to musicians. It is a pity and pains every sincere musician, that questions like this come up, but they are bound to until the profession stands together on these vital issues. We now live in a big city, fine artists are coming each month, and if they find representative local artists appearing for nothing or next to nothing, they either become fearfully discouraged or worse still, they join the ranks of those who give their services, and the condition becomes more deeply rooted. So the stand must be taken now before the city grows beyond our control. The simplest condition to correct will be that of the hostesses, who will understand "No" more readily than they did "Yes," and will enjoy the comfortable feeling of giving a check to those rendering an artistic program even more than they did giving probably a larger one to the faithful caterer.

There is always a right and wrong way of opening up a subject. Surely a misguided attack on a well-known musician by a member of the same profession, unless it be for some moral reason, is wrong. Such an attack has been made in the current number of the Pacific Coast Musical Review, by its Los Angeles representative, against Archibald Sessions, for giving so-called "free" organ recitals.

In the first place Mr. Sessions has a contract with the Christ Episcopal church to perform the usual duties of a church organist, and in addition to this to give organ recitals Wednesday evenings. For this work he receives a munificent salary, one which would open the eyes of many of his competitors. The Christ church vestry stands for down-to-date practical church opportunities. Before the edifice was completed one of this body of men told me they would introduce a custom of giving organ recitals, prevailing in Australia, where the cities own a pipe organ, which is in the city hall, and on which daily, at the noon hour, the organist engaged by the authorities plays for an hour to the people. Here, as the taxation laws allow of no admission charged for affairs given in a church building, a free will silver offering is taken to defray expenses—programs, lights, etc. That this giving of programs of excellent music and charging no admittance harms the cause of music is absurd.

That a dignified organ recital in a beautiful sacred edifice makes any difference except for good, in the attendance at paid concerts given by professionals is too preposterous to dwell upon. I am sorry the representative did not inform himself thoroughly before writing so much upon this subject. Mr. Sessions was engaged to play with the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra months ago, and will give Boellmann's

concerto for organ and orchestra at a forthcoming concert, notwithstanding his regular organ recitals. That there are persons who attend these concerts and put nothing on the plate is just as certain as that there are two women in jail now for beating the hotels, thereby getting their board for nothing. But Mr. Sessions himself is paid and well paid for his good work. I do think there should be no soloists unless the church makes special arrangements for them. Mr. Sessions is entirely capable of giving the program alone. I sincerely wish the Temple Baptist church would make a feature of its fine organ and engage its organist, Mr. Falls, to play for the people every day during the noon hour. They would then join the movement for a great revival in music which is permeating Los Angeles this winter.

The results of the work of the chamber of commerce music committee, Charles Farwell Edson, chairman, is shown by the first programs of a series of six events given for the students of the high schools and grammar grades. At the Polytechnic the Krauss string quartet played for 1100 students. The program was as follows: Quartet, Op. 44, No. 3 (Mendelssohn); "Traumerei," (Schumann); "Canzonetta," (Victor Herbert); "Minuet," (Boccherini); "Death and the Maiden," (Schubert); "To a Wild Rose," (MacDowell); "Menuet," (Beethoven); "Serenata," (Moszkowski); "Au Board De La Mer," (Dunker); "Humoreska," (Dvorak); "The Bee," (Schubert).

At the Los Angeles high Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker played the following program: Sonata for violin and piano (Grieg); Fantasia and Preludes 1, 3, 6, 7, 22 and 23 (Mozart); Andante and Allegro from Concerto (Mendelssohn); Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 2 (Chopin); Intermezzo (Schumann); "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds" (Lizart); "The Swan" (St. Saens); Romance (Svendsen); Perpetuum Mobile (Ries).

Waldo F. Chase writes the following: The opening concert of the Lott-Krauss series of chamber concerts was a distant artistic success, and augurs well for the winter's work of this admirable group of artists. The unusually interesting and rather novel program was given with sincerity and keen appreciation on the part of each performer. The beautiful Smetana number, "Aus Meinen Leben," was exceptionally well rendered, and left little to be desired either in interpretation or ensemble. The few and minor errors in attack and rhythm will, doubtless, disappear when these players have had more opportunity for working together. The Sinding quintette, a very ambitious and difficult number, received a splendid rendition, and Mrs. Lott's superb work at the piano deserves especial commendation. One needs to read the score of this work to appreciate the many difficulties the pianist had to surmount. It is a question if this composition is not too broad for satisfactory expression from so few instruments; one feels at times that an orchestra is needed to convey the full force of the composer's thought. Too much cannot be said of Mr. Lott's masterly rendition of his numbers; the delicate "Schifferlied" of Sinding is an exquisite thing in which the singer was no less successful than in the dramatic "Tryst" of Sibelius. Mr. Lott is a versatile artist, and the dramatic character of the latter song suits him admirably. One rarely hears so beautiful a song. Though the audience was fair, it is to be hoped that the next concert will be accorded the patronage such artistic performances deserve.

Amphion club of San Diego—a women's musical club—is planning to erect a six thousand dollar club building on a lot donated to the members. This fine organization keeps San Diego very much alive musically. Aside from its own attractive meetings, leading artists of California and all the celebrities coming to the coast are engaged by the Amphion.

First annual concert and ball of the Shriners' band, attached to Al Malakab temple, will be given in Shrine auditorium Wednesday night, Thanksgiving eve. The band numbers forty pieces, and is under the direction of A. F. Frankenstein, and preceding the

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ball, which is a feature of the night's entertainment, a concert will be given that will rank high for artistic worth. Among the numbers arranged for this are the following: March, from "The Prophet" (Meyerbeer); overture, "Poet and Peasant" (Von Suppe); "Three Dances from 'Henry VIII'" (Germann); Excerpts from "Carmen" (Bizet); Sextette from "Lucia di Lammermoor," (Donizetti). Following this will come a dance program of equal merit, of eighteen numbers.

Miss Lillian Adams, pianist, showed in her recital Tuesday evening that she was not idle during her year's study under Richard Burmeister in Berlin. She has a quantity of piano talent and as she lives longer more expression will come into her work. This is lacking now, but technically she is finely equipped and her tone is singing and pure. She is free from any disturbing mannerisms and I saw much of the repose of her illustrious teacher in her work. Now is a critical time in Miss Adams' musical career, and I hope she will be carefully guided and not crowded.

Two Los Angeles contraltos are settled in Leipzig, Germany, for another year's study under the great American teacher, Mrs. Carl Alves. Miss Mollie Wilson and Miss Mary Carter are these sensible women, and they could not be under better conditions.

Edna Darch, the Los Angeles girl of great talent who has been a member of the Royal Opera of Berlin for a year or more, will devote herself entirely to study this winter, having been granted a year's leave of absence.

A few years ago concert-goers and local musicians admired a young violinist, A. Herbert Ritchie, who came here fresh from studies with Ysaye and Thomson. He remained a year and returned to Europe for more study. European managers object to initials, so Albany Ritchie made two tours of the continent with big success. Having heard him in his German triumphs, I predict American victories for him. also, on his tour beginning January 1.

Arthur Hartmann makes his second appearance in Los Angeles at Simpson auditorium, Friday evening, Nov. 27. With Mr. Hartmann is Alfred Calzin, a pupil of Alberto Jonas of Berlin, and a most successful pianist. Hartmann has made a marked success in the east, and easily takes rank with the great violinists of the time, both in Europe and America. His complete program is as follows:

Concerto B Minor (Saint-Saens), Arthur Hartmann; Scherzo B Minor, Op. 21 (Chopin), Alfred Calzin; "Chaconne" (Bach), Arthur Hartmann; "Farfalla" (Sauret), "Cradle Song" (MacDowell-Hartmann), Rhapsodie, "Eljen" (Hartmann), Arthur Hartmann; Etude A nat major, Op. 2, No. 1 (Paul de Schloer), Prelude and Nocturne, Op. 9 (A. Scriabine), Polonaise E major (Liszt), Alfred Calzin; Aires Russes (Wienlawski), Arthur Hartmann.

When Emilio De Gogorza first visited Los Angeles he came with the Emma Eames Concert company. Then he was the favorite of the company, though his colleagues were the great Emma and Holman, the cellist. Next, he came alone, giving recitals, which rarely have been surpassed. This program shows us what we may expect next week:

"Come raggio di Sol" (Caldara), "Where'er You Walk" (Handel), "Air de Thoas" from "Iphigenie en Rauride" (Gluck), Emilio de Gogorza; "Monch-nacht" (Schumann), "Ich Liebe Dich" (Grieg), "Feldinsankelt" (Brahms), "Widmung" (Schumann), Emilio de Gogorza; piano soli: "Auf Blugeln des Gesanges" (Mendelssohn-Liszt), "Grande Polonaise, Op. 22" (Chopin), Mr. Henry C. Whittemore; Arioso from "Roi de Lahore" (Massenet), Emilio de Gogorza; "Cantaras" (Alvarez), "En Galesa" (Alvarez), "Los Ojos Negros" (Alvarez), Emilio de Gogorza; piano soli: "Nocturne," Op. 37, No. 2 (Chopin), Mr. Henry C. Whittemore; "Requiem" (Sidney Homer), "Mother P-Mine" (H. Tours), "Sing Me a Song" (Sidney Homer), "A Dream" (Howard Brockway), "The Lark Now Leaves its Watry Nest" (Horatio Parker), Emilio de Gogorza.

An American woman, Mrs. Durant Rose of St. Paul, has written a play, "Dante," which Mascagni has set to music. It was successfully presented in Verona, Italy, recently.

WOMAN AND HER WAYS

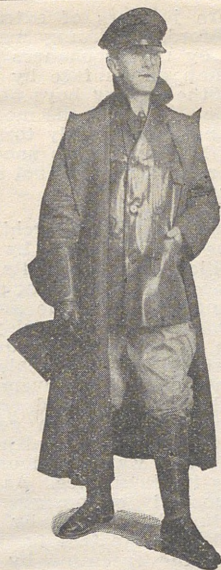
"Kate of Oklahoma" she is widely known and in this young woman, lithe, graceful and petite, with flashing eyes and dark tresses is vested an unusual power and authority, and with the ease of a political sovereign she has swayed the elections of Oklahoma's capital city and held a controlling hand in municipal affairs. It is for humanity that this remarkable girl labors and her marvelous power in the state government has been gained through her ardent work in the cause of charity. Kate Barnard is the full name of the young woman. She is of southern parentage, whose mother died at her birth. The child's early life was one of hardships, but the burden of loneliness and responsibility instead of embittering her life gave her a keen and sympathetic insight into the lives of others, especially of the unfortunates. Always interested in charity, Miss Barnard gathered a number of her friends about her and after making inquiry concerning the conditions of the families of the unemployed of Oklahoma began an extensive charity work. Citizens of Guthrie became interested in Miss Barnard and two charity associations which had been doing a desultory charity work co-operated with her in the larger and more energetic campaign, electing her president of the organization and providing an income of \$600 a month for her disbursement. It was while matron of this association that she became a controlling spirit in the political life of Oklahoma and through a magnetic influence over those men whose families she had aided in time of need, she wielded a majority vote in the slums, both independently and against the saloon-keeper. In this way she elected a Republican mayor and then a Democratic mayor by a majority of 700 on each occasion. She made her first public speech at a labor convention, urging a plea for the insertion of a compulsory-education plank and an anti-child labor section in the new constitution, and the convention included these demands. Later, she became an effective public speaker and invariably lead the party whose cause she advocated to a sweeping victory. When Oklahoma was made a state Kate was indicted into office along with the other state officers as commissioner of the state department of charities, and was given quarters in the senate building where all day long there pours in and out from her bureau a stream of visitors—miners, farmers, merchants, women, preachers, teachers and politicians, all of whom are made welcome.

Club women of Texas are up in arms over the fact that women prisoners of that state have recently been compelled to work on the rock pile at Fort Worth. Indignantly, the protest is made that since women are not allowed to have an equal voice with men in making the laws which they are forced to obey, or to act as jurors, they should not receive the same punishment meted out to men for the same crime. Then again the idea of manual labor requiring man's strength is expressed as being inhumanly unjust.

"May a woman wear man's attire or not?" is being argued by the club women of Chicago. The government has given sanction to the affirmative side of the question by ruling that women employed as mail carriers must wear trousers. Yet state laws make such action an offense against the law and recently a woman was arrested in Chicago and fined for wearing men's clothing while earning an honest living as a hod carrier. There is a movement now on foot to settle the vexed question by sending a delegation to Washington for the purpose of consulting President Roosevelt.

Thanksgiving Donation Pound Party

Under the direction of the board of managers of the Brownson House Day nursery, a Thanksgiving donation pound party will be given at the day nursery, 135 North Anderson street, Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 24, from 1 to 6 o'clock. Mrs. Joseph P. Farrell of Hotel Lankershim is chairman of the board of managers and her assistants in preparing for the entertainment are Miss Mary J. Workman and Miss Anna



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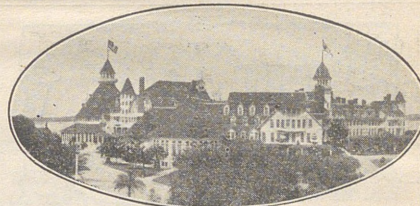
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Troconiz. A program of vaudeville numbers, varied and entertaining, will be a feature of the afternoon. Bishop Conaty, who takes so keen an interest in this charity, will be present. Mrs. W. H. Workman is to preside at the tea table, and among the most prominent persons who will aid will be Senora Josefa Del Valle de Forster, who will have charge of the Tamalada in a ramada in the children's playground; Miss Lottita Corella, who will sing Spanish songs with guitar accompaniment; Miss Estelle C. Heartt will sing, and Madame Romandy and her two gifted sons will give a violin and piano number; Miss Mary F. Ledyard and Madame Bean will give a reading with musical illustrations, and the Misses Gough will present a number of children in kindergarten songs and exercises. Many local society women have become interested in this charity and are giving a helping hand to the project. An invitation to attend the Tuesday entertainment is extended generally to all who are interested in the association.



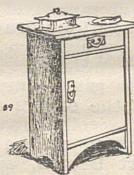
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By George A. Dobinson

Simplicity marks the story of "Paid in Full," the drama which, written by Eugene Walter, has proved so marked a success in eastern dramatic circles, and to represent which three companies are now touring the United States. It was in this play that Lillian Albertson made her big success after she left Los Angeles and went to New York, and here have been unusual inducements to local play-goers to see this much-talked-of drama. The company at the Mason this week is a small one, only seven persons in all, and of these only four are important, Brooks and his wife, the friend of the family "Jimsey" Smith, and Captain Williams, a former South Pacific trader. Yet these four keep their audiences tense with excitement in the first three of the four acts into which the play is divided. Not that their acting is equal, for it is not. The husband, Brooks, by W. L. Gibson, is the weakest of the quartette, for he overdoes his part, making it all alike and being always at the fever pitch of exasperation, or of fear. There is no let down for a moment in his passion, and so what should be a well-balanced portrayal is out of drawing. This is a serious drawback, for while Brooks cannot engage the sympathies of the audience his work is of importance as giving more and better color to what the others do. "Jimsey" Smith is a well drawn character and played very naturally and effectively by Albert Brown, who got the lion's share of the applause among the men for the unassuming way in which he made all his points tell. The Captain Williams of Clarence Handyside was big and fearsome, such a scoundrel ingrained that it became impossible to give him credit for one good impulse until the end of the third act, and even then the question was complicated by a doubt as to whether "Jimsey's" threat to shoot him in a certain event was not a contributory cause to the captain's pacific demeanor. Mr. Handyside will be remembered here for his Shakespearean performances with Warde and James. He has improved since those days, however. The appearance of Sara Perry as the young wife who goes through a terrible ordeal with so much credit, was a bright spot in the performance. She is a particularly graceful woman, and while she has little to do in the first act, soon develops considerable courage, which she displays at its full height in the scene with the captain in act three, in which she comes off victorious.

Here the play might end, but there is still the husband to be faced and dismissed, and so a fourth act is spun out, which comes weakly after the tension of act three; the end is in sight and Brook's bluster and bravado count for little, the audience knows what is coming and the last act is more or less of a surpluse. The presentation of such a play and its instant and wide success is a sign of the times. What people want and are ready to patronize is not only the light and frothy entertainment, but anything that touches human life in its everyday aspects, things that have a heart throb in them and that reveal to us people as they really are.

Novelties at the Orpheum

How easily a good turn may be marred is proved at the Orpheum this week in Charles Kenyon's "The Operator." The playlet is full of action, and could be made intensely dramatic. Lyster Chambers' delineation of the wearied and despairing telegraph operator is admirable, but Clara Knott portrays the wife as if she were "speaking a piece" in an old-fashioned elocution school, thereby detracting from the strength of the climaxes. In the other turns there is a superabundance of clowning—intentional and otherwise. Frank "Slivers" Oakley is a legitimate clown, and his characteristic make-up is grotesquely funny. He plays a pantomime game of baseball in a ludicrous manner that provokes laughter by its sheer absurdity. Redford and Win-

chester are jugglers of extraordinary skill. Redford, the "funny man," lends diversion by taking chances of spoiling the map of his face by throwing apples to the gallery boys and catching them on a fork in his mouth when they are none too gently tossed back. La Petite Mignon clowns unconsciously, and her imitations are not especially appealing.

Richard Barry's "Searchlight"

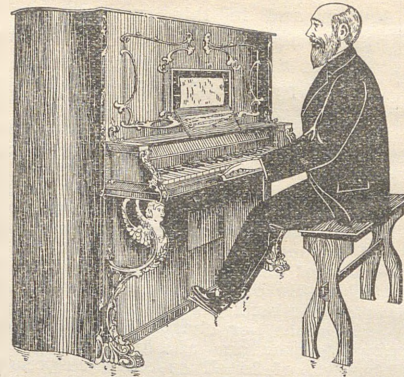
In "The Searchlight," by Richard Barry, which was given its premier performance on any stage, at the Auditorium Monday night, the author has the makings of a capital play, and if he will be guided by kindly advice assured success may be achieved. In its present form, the movement lags, particularly in the second act, where the exasperating bedroom gossip between Elizabeth Mason and her chum, Evelyn Masters waxes tedious and irritating by its recurrence. As a foil to the purposeful seriousness of Miss Mason, admirably played by Florence Oakley, Evelyn Masters is well conceived, but the execution by Beatrice Noyes is silly beyond endurance. Her inane br-r-r-r-r and affected stammer in pronouncing one word only almost damn the play, which certainly is not fair to the author. A light heart and caroling tongue would be charming in the young girl chum, so excellently drawn by Mr. Barry, but Miss Noyes' interpretation makes Evelyn Masters little more than a gibbering idiot. Ruthlessly curtail these inanities by reducing the stammer, abolishing the strident br-r-r-r, cutting out the hop-step-and-jump proclivities, and by compelling her to smile sweetly, instead of grinning vacuously, and she will be far more attractive. As portrayed at the initial performance of the play, Evelyn Masters is impossible.

Mr. Barry's plot is simple, but forceful. A daily paper whose policy is opposed to the candidacy of Col. Arthur Mason, a clean politician, bitterly attacks him in the course of a campaign, which is resented by his wife and daughter, who call in person to protest to the editor. The Star's star reporter, Sandy McKnight, is in love with Miss Mason, and the play hinges on his struggle between love and duty, in which love triumphs because he gets the story he is sent after without detriment to the colonel and with a big scoop for his paper, which, after all, only wants the news.

Lewis Stone can have a position on The Graphic staff any time he appears in person. He indulges in no heroics, and goes about his assignments with matter-of-fact promptness. Just why a reporter should break into a girl's bedroom at one in the morning is up to Mr. Barry to explain. Certainly, no reporter who valued his life or his paper's reputation would essay such a mission. One has seen what happened in San Diego recently when yellow reporters broke into a photograph studio for plates; how much more heinous is the unlawful entrance to the sleeping chamber of a girl in a private house. The excuse is that McKnight is but following a scent for news. He has learned that Galloway, leader of the city council, is to be paid ten thousand dollars, bribe money, by Colonel Mason, in the room adjoining the daughter's bedroom. Despite this effort at secrecy, the interconnecting folding doors are allowed to remain open, giving the reporter and the daughter, also the audience, an unobstructed view of the cash transaction. This is a serious flaw in the construction of the play, which should be remedied.

In the third act, the tempo is accelerated and a spirited scene is presented. It is a pity the necessities of the play require so long an absence from the stage of Sandy McKnight, but when he does come on he makes a rousing address to the crowd outside the committee rooms, where the action is laid, and instead of the overthrow of Mason, that politician emerges triumphant and his arch enemy, Keg Sloum, the machine boss, is discomfited, while the curtain falls on the happiness of the reporter and the girl.

Burke Clarke, as the managing editor of the Star, is not to the manner born. He sits anywhere but on his own chair at the office, receives callers as if he were assisting at an afternoon tea and causes self-respecting newspapermen in the audience intense chagrin by making love to the cheerful little idiot, Evelyn Masters, whose painful gyrations cause the discrim-



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inating deep mental anguish. Howard Scott has a heart-breaking role. He is a spellbinder, who remains unseen, but his oratory is allowed to seep through open doors and windows. The Patsy Burns of Harry Oakes is a good character bit which might be further elaborated without danger of tiring. George Farren, as the boss, Keg Slocum, gives a fairly convincing portrait, but he has limitations.

To Mr. Barry: Give your public more of McKnight; elaborate the character, keep him before the audience. Demand a reconstruction of the ingenue's interpretation of Evelyn Masters. Let her be piquant without being puerile, arch but not asinine, volatile but not vapid. Inject just a little more ginger into Elizabeth Mason. Give Burke Clarke private lessons in editorial etiquette; cut the pajama performances of Evelyn, and reconstruct the bedroom-office scene, so as to cling closer to the realities of life. Don't drive your banner-carrying mob through the center of a committee room where telegraph operators are at work. Such intrusions wouldn't be tolerated off the stage, why on it? Finally, don't be offended by kindly criticism. Your friends sincerely want you to succeed and they are proud of your past performances. As a playwright, your work, thus far, does not measure up with your brilliant efforts as a war correspondent, nor with your experiences with Admiral Evans. But you have made a promising beginning.

S. T. C.

"Zaza," at the Burbank

Florence Stone surpasses some Zazas in her capacity for making love, and Mr. Desmond equals any of the Dufresnes in his ability to share the emotions with the red-headed divinity who absorbs his attentions for the time being. "Zaza" is being given this week at the Burbank theater. It has been seen so often there and elsewhere in this city, that a repetition of its noisome story would be superfluous. It is attracting large houses, and that is what the manager looks for.

"Honeymooners," at the Grand

Catchy songs, a sprightly chorus, a pretty soubrette and a Cohanesque juvenile make "The Honeymooners" an enjoyable performance. None of the principals is distinguished by the possession of a voice. Willie Dunlay is an excellent comedian, who sings his songs in the accepted Cohan manner and dances with an entertaining eccentricity. He is ably seconded by vivacious Anna Wheaton, whose lack of voice is quite forgiven in view of her grace and piquancy. The male chorus is above the average.

Offerings to Come

Monday night, November 23, the new Hamburger Majestic theater will throw open its doors. Manager Morosco's first attraction being "The Land of Nod," a spectacular, musical extravaganza. The Majestic is an important addition to the city's playhouses. Its interior is modelled closely after the New Amsterdam theater in New York. Anton Molkenboer, an artist who has gained a deal of local repute, has been in charge of the decorating and has himself done much of the work, including a large allegorical panel above the proscenium arch. No effort has been spared to give the city a comfortable and complete playhouse. "The Land of Nod" comes to the Majestic with a record of success in the large eastern cities. It will be played through the week with a special bargain matinee Wednesday and matinees Thanksgiving day and Saturday.

Louis James is a great favorite locally and his appearance at the Mason next week in Henrik Ibsen's masterpiece, "Peer Gynt," will attract the intellectual play-goers of the city. The production is said to be complete in every instance. The cast is in capable hands, with Mr. James in Mansfield's role of Peer Gynt, and Aphie James as Solveig. There is a large chorus, the scenic effects are massive, and passages from Edward Greig's beautiful music will be rendered by the orchestra.

For Thanksgiving week, Lewis S. Stone and company at the Auditorium will play "A Stranger in a Strange Land." For this occasion, Lewis Stone will step out of the role of a stage hero and will impersonate the

Indian who is brought to England by a patent medicine faker for advertising purposes. Following the performance of "A Stranger in a Strange Land," Lewis Stone will give the first stock company performance of "The Great Divide."

"Brown of Harvard" will serve to introduce to Belasco audiences the new leading woman, Virginia Kline, who will play Evelyn. A. H. Van Buren, who is not unlike Harry Woodruff, the originator of the role, will play Tom Brown.

Epigrams and paradoxes will rule at the Burbank next week, when Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance," with Florence Stone in the leading role, will be revived. A special matinee will be given Thanksgiving day.

Thanksgiving week brings what promises to be a good bill to the Orpheum, beginning with Monday matinee, Nov. 23. Heading this bill comes Hope Booth and a clever company in George Cohan's "The Little Blonde Lady." Valaden, the magician, is an unique entertainer fresh from London. Lewis & Green have a bright skit called "Engaging a Cook," and Black & Jones complete the new offerings with typical negro dances. "The Operator," "Slivers" and Artie Nelson, Redford & Winchester, and La Petite Mignon are the holdovers.

Sunday afternoon Ferris Hartman and his San Francisco company will open their season at the Grand with "The Idol's Eye." Mr. Hartman is making an effort to give Los Angeles a high class of light opera, and will offer such successes as "It Happened in Nordland," "Wang," "The Toy-maker," "The Wizard of the Nile," and more of like class. He promises plenty of pretty girls, handsome costumes and good music.

"The Whirlpool" by the Kendals

London is being treated to a "cowboy" drama this fall, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as the chief protagonists. Have you a mental picture of the rather stout and rather elderly English Mr. Kendal as the ex-cowboy, in a sort of civilized Buffalo Bill make-up, making ardent love to the middle-aged Constance Livingston, of Mrs. Kendal? Miss Livingston's brother has refused to allow her to marry Elijah D. Tillottson—that's a regular British conception of an American cognomen—until the former cowboy can produce a fortune equal to her own, so he plunges into the Whirlpool of New York finance and it is this which gives title to the play.

Before the curtain slowly descends at the close of the second act, sorrow has come to all of them in earnest, in consequence of the dishonesty of Bertram Livingston, who has stolen the fortunes of his sister, his aunt, and his betrothed, in order to further his gambling operations on the Coffee exchange, in which Tillottson has almost succeeded in establishing a corner. This leads to a fine scene between Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, in which she asks him to lend her money to save her brother, and he, instead, offers to break the corner, and, by implication, to ruin himself and lose his chance of marrying the woman who has now come to love him. However, in the last act this is all put right, and in spite of the sorrow which comes where love is, love manages to win the final bout.

Miss Kendal is credited by the London critics as acting throughout the play with the charm and freshness of yore, and her husband is said to make an excellent Tillottson.

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ALL WEEK

ALL WEEK

ALL WEEK

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To Follow—"JUST OUT OF COLLEGE," by George Ade.

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To Follow—"THE HALFBREED."

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THANKSGIVING WEEK Commencing Monday, NOVEMBER 23

MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY

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IN HENRIK IBSEN'S MASTERPIECE

Louis James

Peer Gynt

Richard Mansfield's Original Mammoth Production

Grieg's Incidental Music by Augmented Orchestra

Seats can now be reserved if accompanied by remittance. Prices \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c. Next attraction, week November 30 "THE CLANSMAN."



By Ruth Burke

EVENTS FOR NEXT WEEK

MONDAY—Miss Virginia Johnson, 345 Westlake avenue, dinner and theater party at Auditorium for Miss Kelly and her bridal party. Mrs. E. P. Clark, 9 St. James Park, theater party for Miss Chaffee and Lieut. Howard; evening.

TUESDAY—Misses Ethel and Alice Shaw, 2625 South Figueroa street, box party at Auditorium and tea at Copper Kettle for Miss Chaffee and Mrs. Edward Bosbyshell; afternoon. Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, 987 Magnolia ave, dinner party for Miss Chaffee and Lieut. Howard; evening.

WEDNESDAY—Mrs. Will S. Hook, Jr., 2673 Menlo avenue, luncheon at the California club for Miss Kelly; afternoon. Mrs. J. F. Conroy, 500 West Thirtieth street, luncheon for Miss Chaffee; afternoon. Miss Nina Jones, theater party at Belasco and supper at Hotel Van Nuys for Miss Kelly; evening. Mrs. E. F. C. Klokke, 2105 South Figueroa street, dinner party for Miss Chaffee and Lieut. Howard; evening.

THURSDAY—Miss Grace Rowley, 2621 Menlo avenue, tea at the Los Angeles Country club for Miss Chaffee and Lieut. Howard; afternoon. Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, dinner at home for Miss Chaffee and Lieut. Howard.

FRIDAY—Mrs. Wesley Clark and Miss Inez Clark, 141 Westmoreland Place, supper-dance.

SATURDAY—Miss Irene Kelly, 2205 Hobart boulevard, luncheon for bridal party. Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil, 2408 South Figueroa street, house party at her ranch home, "Las Cacomites," Azusa, over Sunday for Miss Chaffee and Lieut. Howard. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hinds, dinner-dance at the Annandale Country club.

In several years society has not been so much engrossed in a bewildering maze of brilliant entertaining as at this season. Busy winters have been planned before and have opened auspiciously with a few handsome formal functions, then interest has abated and the entertainments have simmered down to an occasional informal luncheon or tea. This season, however, gives more than a promise of brilliancy. Already the matrons and maids, with their galaxy of manly attendants, have entered with a zest into the full swing of gala affairs. There is every reason to believe that there will be no relaxing, for date books are filled for weeks and weeks ahead and hostesses are now beginning to seek desirable dates for entertaining which will not conflict with other planned functions. Of course, interest in society affairs has been heightened by the advent of a large coterie of buds, whose debut has meant the giving of almost innumerable teas, theater parties and luncheons in their honor. Cupid, too, has wielded his weapon with more than usual dexterity this season and the resultant engagements and weddings have also given reason for feting. The debutantes who made their formal bow this winter, and the brides-elect, are keeping well-filled date books and every social affair planned has meant a long consultation among the pretty maids in order to avoid conflict.

Just now society folk are dividing interest between Miss Helen Chaffee and Miss Irene Kelly, two favorites in the younger set, who are to become brides in the earlier part of next month. These two ceremonies are to take precedence over all other society affairs of that fortnight and in the two weeks preceding the two young women are being widely entertained by the smart set. Distinctly brilliant will be the wedding of Miss Chaffee to Lieutenant John H. Howard of the Ninth cavalry, U. S. A., which will take place at St. Paul's pro-cathedral, Tuesday evening, December 8. Miss Chaffee is the daughter of Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee and her marriage, by reason of her father's distinction, will be of widespread interest. Her parents' social eminence and her own popularity in local society circles make the wedding of notable importance

here, and marked by its military appointments, the ceremony will be one of the most resplendent functions of the year. Until the arrival of Lieutenant Howard, the bridal party could not be chosen complete, but announcement is made of those who already have been asked to serve. Miss Chaffee's matron of honor will be Mrs. Lelia Burton, and her bridesmaids chosen are Misses Lucy Clark, Annis Van Nuys, Marion Macneil and Lucy Clark. Col. John Biddle, chief of engineering, division of California, will be best man, and among the groomsmen to serve are Lieut. Charles Dravo, Lieut. MacFarland, and Lieut. Frederick Cruse.

Lieutenant Howard, who has been stationed in the Philippines for a year, arrived in San Francisco the first of the week on the transport Buford and reached Los Angeles today, and will share honors with his betrothed in the many dinner parties, dances and other entertainments to be given within the fortnight. This afternoon the first of the series of affairs will be given for Miss Chaffee. Miss Mollie Adelia Brown of 980 Magnolia avenue will be her hostess and will entertain with a box party at the Auditorium, to be followed by a tea at the California club. A number of young men have received invitations to the latter affair. Two boxes will be occupied by the guests at the matinee. Monday evening, Nov. 23, Mrs. E. P. Clark of 9 St. James park will give a theater party for Miss Chaffee and Lieutenant Howard. Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 24, the Misses Ethel and Alice Shaw of 2625 South Figueroa will be hostesses at a theater party and tea, at which Miss Chaffee will share honors with Mrs. Edward Bosbyshell, nee Bishop. That same evening, Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Chaffee will entertain at their home, 987 Magnolia avenue, with a dinner party for their daughter and Lieutenant Howard. Covers will be laid for sixteen guests. Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 25, Miss Chaffee will be the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. J. F. Conroy, 500 West Thirtieth street. In the evening, Mrs. E. F. C. Klokke will have a dinner party at her home, 2105 South Figueroa street, in compliment to the young bride-elect and Lieutenant Howard, her guests including about eighteen of their friends. Miss Grace Rowley of 2621 Menlo avenue will be hostess Thursday afternoon at a large tea given at the Los Angeles Country club for Miss Chaffee and Lieutenant Howard. That evening, Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Chaffee will give a second dinner party at their home for their daughter and her betrothed. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 28 and 29, Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil will entertain in their honor with an informal house party at Los Cacomites ranch, Azusa. Eight or ten guests will enjoy the outing affair. Monday evening, Nov. 30, Mr. James Slauson will be their host at a box party, his other guests including the members of the bridal party. Thursday, Dec. 3, Miss Chaffee and Lieutenant Howard will be the special guests at a dinner party which Mrs. Alfred Solano of 2421 South Figueroa street will give. The following evening, Friday, Dec. 4, Miss Chaffee will entertain with a dinner-dance at the Los Angeles Country club for her betrothed. Saturday evening the two will be guests of honor at a dinner-dance given by Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys of 1445 West Sixth street, and Monday evening the multitude of pre-nuptial affairs will be concluded with a dinner party given by Miss Chaffee for her bridal party.

Notable also will be the wedding of Miss Irene Kelly and Mr. Earle C. Anthony, to take place at St. John's Episcopal church, Tuesday evening, Dec. 1. Miss Kelly, who is the daughter of Mrs. Kate Kelly of 2205 Hobart boulevard, well merits the credit of being the handsomest young woman in Los Angeles. Both she and her fiancée are extremely popular socially and their wedding ceremony will be attended by much splendor of appointments. Miss Kelly has chosen her bridal party, announcement of which is made for the first time in The Graphic today. Miss Gwendolin Laughlin will be maid of honor, and the following coterie of girls will assist as bridesmaids: Misses Annis Van Nuys, Sallie Utley, Grace Rowley, Virginia Johnson, Nina Jones, Katherine Mellus, Mary Clark, and Katherine Smith. The ushers will be Messrs. Adolph Schwartz, Robert Flint, Bert Campbell, Carleton Burke,

Fred Phelps, Harry Kay, Philo Lindley, Barbee Hook and Arthur Kales. Since the announcement of her engagement, Miss Kelly has been the recipient of much social attention, and the next week also is to be a busy one for her. Tuesday afternoon Miss Grace Rowley of Menlo avenue was her hostess, giving a box party at the Auditorium, followed by a luncheon at the California club. Thirty-five guests were entertained by Miss Rowley. Decorations were in yellow and green, chrysanthemums and ferns being attractively arranged. A feature of the luncheon was the announcement made of the engagement of Miss Alice Claudia Shaw, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Victor E. Shaw of 2625 South Figueroa street, to Dr. James D. McCoy, a son of Dr. and Mrs. John C. McCoy of Bernard park. Miss Shaw has not chosen the exact date for her marriage, but the event will take place in April. Among the affairs planned next week in honor of Miss Kelly will be a dinner and theater party which Miss Virginia Johnson of 345 Westlake avenue will give Monday evening, her guests including the members of the bridal party and a few other friends. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Will S. Hook, Jr., of 2673 Menlo avenue will entertain with a luncheon at the California club and that same evening Miss Nina Jones will be hostess at a theater party at the Belasco and a supper afterward at Hotel Van Nuys. Miss Kelly herself will entertain Saturday afternoon, when she will give a handsomely-appointed luncheon at her home in honor of the girl members of her bridal party.

Two charming young girls this week joined the coterie of debutantes, their formal bow to society being marked by two brilliant functions. They are Miss Sallie Utley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James H. Utley, 963 Menlo avenue, and Miss Alice Elliott, daughter of Mr. J. M. Elliott of 914 West Twenty-eighth street. Miss Utley's debut was made at a large and artistically-appointed tea given by her mother, Wednesday afternoon. A pretty profusion of coreopsis was used in the decoration of the home and the dining room was especially effective. Assisting in receiving and entertaining were Mes. Wesley Clark, Walter Newhall, George Denis, Charles C. Carpenter, William G. Kerckhoff, O. P. Clark, E. F. C. Klokke, Dan McFarland, Hugh L. Macneil, Allan Balch, Kate Vosburg, Lynn Helm, Scott Helm, Adna R. Chaffee, Michael J. Connell, Randolph H. Miner, J. J. Mellus, A. J. Howard, George S. Patton, I. N. Van Nuys, Stephen C. Hubbell, Spencer H. Smith, Coles Bashford, Albert Bonsall, and the Misses Irene Kelly, Mary Belle Elliott, Helen Chaffee, Annie Van Nuys, Anita Patton, Kate Van Nuys, Katherine Mellus, Alberta Denis, Marion Macneil, Inez Clark, Fannie Carpenter, Alice Elliott, Austene George, Josephine MacMillan, Flora Guthrie, Mary Russell, and Doris Davidson. Miss Utley is an unusually attractive girl and a favorite in the younger set. She has already been the recipient of considerable social attention in the last few weeks and will be the honored guest at many other affairs this season.

Miss Alice Elliott made her first formal appearance in society Tuesday evening at a dance given by her father and sister, Mr. J. M. Elliott and Miss Mary Belle Elliott, at Kramer's. Miss Forman was in charge of the decorations. French baskets of yellow chrysanthemums were principally used and from the center of the dome a larger basket was suspended. The lights were yellow-shaded and bamboo and cat-tails were banked about the musicians' stand. Supper was served down stairs and here a canopy of smilax was arranged. Date palms were placed about the pillars and on the tables were vases of long-stemmed yellow chrysanthemums. Receiving with the host and hostess and their guest of honor were Mes. H. T. Lee, Wesley Clark, Spencer H. Smith, Walter Jarvis Barlow, Joseph Johnson, Randolph H. Miner, F. A. Habersham, J. C. Drake, and James H. Utley. Miss Elliott is a graduate of the Girls' Collegiate school, and is a clever, as well as interesting, young girl. She already has received a generous share in social attention and will be a guest of honor at several affairs this winter. Friday Mrs. Spencer H. Smith of 1109 West Adams street entertained in compliment to Miss Elliott with a luncheon

at the California club. Twenty-eight guests enjoyed the occasion.

In honor of her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Collins of London, England, who is her house guest, Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom of 2070 West Adams street gave a handsomely-appointed tea Thursday afternoon. Assisting Mrs. Thom in receiving were Mes. Adna R. Chaffee, Allan C. Balch, Charles C. Carpenter, J. Ross Clark, Jefferson Paul Chandler, Michael J. Connell, Randolph H. Miner, Nathaniel Myrick, Walter R. Leeds, William Johnson, Louis Dallman, Thomas E. Gibbon, Henry Carlton Lee, C. De Hart Thom, Penbroke Thom, Catesby Thom, I. N. Van Nuys, Harriet S. Wright, Carroll Allen, Misses Annis Van Nuys, Kate Van Nuys, Helen Chaffee, Echo Allen, Lois Allen, Mary Belle Elliott, Alice Elliott, Sallie Utley, and Alberta Denis. Mrs. Collins, who is the wife of one of Europe's most prominent theatrical managers, was formerly Miss Jette Thom, and before her marriage was a favorite socially among the younger set of Los Angeles. A number of informal entertainments have been given in her honor since her arrival here a few weeks ago and she will be the recipient of other social attentions in the near future.

Mrs. Raymond Stephens, formerly Miss Lucille Chandler, was the complimented guest recently at a matinee box party given at the Auditorium theater by Miss Grace Rowley of Menlo avenue. Following the performance, a supper was served at the California club. Guests included Misses Helen Newlin, Eva Eliabeth Keating, Gladys Williams, Muriel Stewart, Mary Burnham, Julia Derby, and Mrs. Leo Chandler.

One of the delightful affairs of last week was the informal card party given by Mrs. F. W. Braun of 625 Shatto street. Bridge prizes were won by Mrs. R. D. Bronson and Mrs. M. E. Johnson. Mrs. E. R. Bradley was awarded the whist prize.

Mrs. Charles Edwards Farrar of Pasadena announces the engagement of her granddaughter, Miss Grace Hortense Tower, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Hammond Tower, to Mr. John Trenholm Warren of Honolulu, a son of Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Warren of Berkeley. The announcement is of interest to an unusually wide circle of friends and acquaintances. Miss Tower for ten years has been on the staff of the Pasadena News, and aside from her reportorial work, has been a frequent contributor to magazines. She is a prominent member of the Woman's Press club of Southern California. The marriage will culminate a courtship begun in Honolulu, where Miss Tower and Mr. Warren met last summer, while the former was enjoying a vacation trip there in company with Miss Jessie Earley and Miss Bonnie Bonnell. Date for the wedding has not been announced.

Of interest to many friends was the marriage of Mr. Reuben Schmidt, a prominent young attorney of this city, and Miss Katherine R. George, which took place Tuesday evening at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Schmidt, South Pasadena. The bride is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Conrad George of Ann Arbor, Mich. She was attired in a gown of white silk mull trimmed with real lace and carried bride's roses. Miss Stella Schmidt was maid of honor and Mr. Vald Schmidt was best man. Little Helma Schmidt, a niece of the groom, was ring bearer. Rev. Dr. Henry Quimby officiated at the service, which was witnessed by a number of friends. Following the ceremony, a supper was served. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt will be at home at the Gibson apartments.

In honor of their seventh wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter entertained Thursday evening at their apartments in Hotel Van Nuys with a large dinner party. The decorations were of pink roses and ferns and the place cards were embossed in gold and white.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Hilda Benser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Benser of Huntington Park, to Mr. Stratford Emright, a young business man of this city. The ceremony will take place

December 2 at Mr. Emright's home, 714 Arlington avenue. After their wedding trip of several weeks in the north, Mr. and Mrs. Emright will make their home for the winter at the Wilhelm apartments.

Mrs. B. F. Church of 843 South Alvarado street is entertaining with a children's party this afternoon for her little daughter, Esther. About thirty-five young folk are invited. Miss Mabel Barnwell Stuart, daughter of Mrs. Church, will give a dancing party at her home the first week in December.

Date for the wedding of Captain Llewellyn Wigmore, U. S. A., and Miss Irene Moore of Greensboro, Pa., a niece of Senator W. A. Clark of Montana, has been set and the ceremony will take place Dec. 5 in Greensboro, after which Captain and Mrs. Wigmore will make their home in Washington, D. C., where the former has been assigned to the United States engineer corps. The wedding is of particular interest here, owing to the fact that Captain Wigmore is the son of Mrs. John Wigmore of this city and prior to entering the army was well known and popular in the younger set of Los Angeles.

Miss Laurel Dickinson of 1625 Gramercy place gave an informal dinner and theater party Monday evening in honor of Messrs. Ambrose and Winfred Yaw, nephews of Ellen Beach Yaw, who are here from Seattle for a visit with relatives. After the dinner at the Dickinson home the guests went to the Auditorium, where they witnessed the first performance of Richard Barry's play, "The Searchlight."

Among the pretty weddings of the week was that of Miss Mabel McKenzie and Mr. Albert R. Kelly of Fresno, which took place Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. L. B. Cary, 1854 West Twenty-first street. Miss McKenzie was attired in a handsome gown of white satin, made empire and her maid of honor was Miss Anita Kelly. Dr. Thomas McKenzie, a brother of the bride, was best man. Several affairs have been given in honor of the young bride in the last fortnight, the number including a whist matinee given by Mrs. A. P. Wilson of 1335 East Washington and a cup and saucer shower given by Mrs. Russell Kilgore, a recent bride, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Harry Hough, 1037 West Thirty-sixth street. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly will go to Tahiti, in the South sea islands, for their wedding trip and later will return to Fresno, where they will make their future home.

One of the most attractive of the exclusive society functions planned for the winter season is the dinner-dance which Captain and Mrs. Randolph H. Miner of West Adams street will give early in January in honor of Miss Macneil, who made her debut this season, after her return from Europe, and who is to be the motif of much entertaining. The affair will take place at the Miner home. The beautiful gardens will be covered with canvas and as at the garden party to the navy officers, when the fleet was here, there will be dancing in the grounds.

Elaborate preparations are under way for the Dutch market to be conducted at the Ebell club house by the women of Emmanuel Presbyterian church December 11 and 12. Each year these church women have arranged a unique bazaar and entertainment as a means of raising funds for their charity work and this year it is expected that the Dutch market will exceed all previous affairs. Among the prominent women who have already been appointed for committee work in connection with the sale and entertainment are: Committee on arrangements, Mrs. J. M. Clute, Mrs. William Hartwell, Mrs. W. F. Pleas, and Mrs. S. S. Salisbury; committee on entertainments, Miss Frances Clark, Mrs. W. C. Patterson, Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley, Mrs. F. W. Flint, Jr., Mrs. Henderson Hayward, Mrs. Anna Robbins, Mrs. W. J. Chichester, and Mrs. George Cadwallader; fancy articles and novelty booth, Mrs. William Bayly, assisted by Mrs. Jennie Fullwood, Mrs. F. M. Hotchkiss, and young women of the church auxiliary; infants' department, Mrs. C. M. Staub, chairman, assisted by Mrs. Edward Kiser, Mrs. W. T. McArthur, Mrs. Carl Johnson, and Mrs. W. B. Matthews; domestic counters,

Mrs. H. I. Seward, Mrs. Charles Pillsbury, Mrs. Guthrie, Mrs. Layne, Mrs. E. B. Rivers, and Mrs. R. Wernick; apron booth, Mmes. O. T. Johnson, L. A. Payne, Samuel Perry, Aldrich, O. O. Witherbee, and Howard Rivers; doll booth, Mrs. F. O. Johnson, assisted by Misses Mabel Clute, Florence Whitaker, Helen Kemper, and Grace Uhl. A unique feature will be the windmills, where tulips and tulip bulbs will be sold by Mrs. W. E. McVey, Mrs. D. T. Davenport, and the Misses Laura McVey, Helen McVey, Davenport, and Louise Wells. Mrs. Allison Barlow will be in charge of the cafe and will have as her assistants Mrs. W. H. Frost, Mrs. Elmer Gardner, Mrs. Payne, and the Misses Barlow Payne, Allie Ray Kellogg, Margaret Mathews, and Adelaide Kellogg. In the confectionery stalls will be Mrs. J. B. Galbraith, Misses Mildred Thomas, Inez Thomas, Belle Whitaker and Katherine Kemper. Patrons are to be provided with market baskets in which to carry their purchases and these will be in charge of Mmes. Z. D. Mathus, Clarence Hall, J. R. Thomas, Fannie Shoemaker, G. A. Harpham, T. A. Rex, Nye and Charles Qitzow. Miss Page, with the assistance of six little girls, will sell flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter entertained Wednesday evening with a box party at the Mason opera house, in compliment to Mr. Chester Murphy of Portland, Ore., who was their guest for a few days. Mr. Murphy, who won fame in athletics, first as the popular captain of the Stanford eleven, later won added laurels at Harvard. After the theater performance a supper was served at Hotel Alexandria. Mr. and Mrs. Potter's other guests were Dr. and Mrs. Guy I. Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Cornell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cranz Perkins of Pasadena, Miss Annis Van Nuys, Miss Irene Kelly, Miss Katherine Clark, Miss Virginia Johnson, and Messrs. Will Wolters, George Keating, Earle Anthony, Gurney Newlin, and Hartley Ramsey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Van Norman of 1177 West Twenty-seventh place announce the approaching marriage of their daughter, Miss Edith Van Norman, to Mr. Charles Edgar Games of Alhambra. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Fowler, at San Gabriel, Wednesday, December 23. The marriage will be of particular interest to a wide circle of friends and will mean the uniting of two old Southern families, for although the bride-elect is a native daughter, her parents and other relatives are of prominent Mississippi and Texas families. Mr. Games is a native of Kentucky and holds a responsible position in the engineering department of the Pacific Electric Railway company.

Miss Macneil, daughter of Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil of 2408 South Figueroa street, was hostess Thursday at a delightful luncheon given in compliment to Mrs. David Bradley, one of the season's brides, who recently returned from an extended wedding tour. Places at the table were set for fourteen guests, and American Beauty roses were attractively arranged in the table decoration.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph H. Koebig of 2118 Hobart boulevard gave a prettily-appointed dinner at their home last Saturday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lon K. Wisehart, whose marriage in Oakland a month ago was of much interest both in the northern city and here. The date marked the Stanford-Berkeley football game, and as Mr. Wisehart is a graduate of Stanford and Mr. and Mrs. Koebig's youngest son, Mr. Kurt Koebig, is now a student there, the university color, cardinal red, was used in the decoration of table and home. The table was especially effective in its arrangement, scarlet ribbons and red blossoms being utilized, while candelabra shaded in red cast a soft glow over the board. Mr. Wisehart is a prominent young attorney of Los Angeles, and his bride, before her marriage, was a talented society girl of the northern city.

Friday evening, January 15 has been decided upon by the Bachelors as the date for their annual ball. The affair will be given at the Assembly hall on Flower street. Preparations will be placed in the hands of the board of governors and the event this year

promises to exceed in brilliancy the two preceding functions given by the Bachelors.

Mrs. Wesley Clark and her daughter, Miss Inez Clark, will be hostesses at a dancing party to be given at their home, 141 Westmoreland place, Friday evening, Nov. 27. This will be the second of a series of affairs which Mrs. Clark is to give.

Formal announcement has been made by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Seligman of 845 South Burlington avenue of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Rosalie Seligman, to Mr. Grover Jacoby, a son of Mr. Nathan Jacoby.

Mrs. T. C. Hill and her daughter, Miss Louise Nixon Hill, who have been enjoying a visit of several months in Chicago and other eastern cities, have returned to Los Angeles, where they will receive their friends at their home, 1101 West Adams street.

Mrs. J. Ross Clark and her daughter, Mrs. Henry Carleton Lee, with Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., received Wednesday at the home of the former, 710 West Adams street.

Mrs. Samuel J. Whitmore of Hotel Alexandria, who is receiving Mondays in November, was assisted last Monday by Mmes. John Kingsley Macomber, Jr., Mrs. Richard D. Bronson, Mrs. Fred A. Hines, Mrs. Edward A. Featherstone, and Mrs. Francis Carlisle.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Hawes of 2111 Bonsallo avenue announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edna Hawes, to Mr. Morton W. Kirby. Date for the wedding has not been decided upon as yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Park of Budlong avenue have been entertaining as their house guest recently, their son, Mr. W. A. Park, who has been with the Atlantic squadron for the last four years. Mr. Park plans to retire from naval service and will make his home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant of 940 West Twenty-eighth street, who was hostess recently at a brilliantly-appointed tea, has issued at-home cards, and with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Fred Bixby, will receive her friends the first Wednesdays in December and January.

Among the pleasureable affairs of the week will be the tea which Mrs. John D. Macfarland and her daughters, Miss Macfarland and Miss Ruth Macfarland, of 2644 Portland street will give this afternoon at their home from 4 to 6 o'clock. The decorations are to be simple, but attractive.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hinds will be host and hostess at a dinner-dance to be given at the Annandale Country club Saturday evening, November 28.

Mrs. H. H. Reynolds of Palo Alto, who is visiting here with her mother, Mrs. Charles Rixon of Bonnie Brae street, has been the guest of honor at several delightful affairs in the last fortnight. Mrs. W. W. McLeod of 640 West Eighteenth street entertained recently for her with a musical and tea. Assisting Mrs. McLeod in receiving were Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Rixon, Mrs. Harriet S. Wright, and Mrs. William Hunter. Tea was poured by Miss Eugenia Rixon, Miss May Flint, Miss Mamie Sheedy, Miss Scriba McLeod, and Mrs. Herbert C. Stone. Mrs. J. A. Anderson of 515 Shatto place also entertained in compliment to Mrs. Reynolds, giving a whist party. Besides the guest of honor, there were present Mmes. William Rhodes Hervey, Robert H. Marsh, F. W. Braun, M. C. Burnett, W. C. Tonkin, Joseph Call, Charles Rixon, George Drake Ruddy, Seeley W. Mudd, H. W. Wood, Emile Brodtbeck, Carrie Moody, Robert Howell, Victor Watkins, Claire S. Tappaan, W. E. Selbie of Pasadena, George Hackley, B. B. Anderson, and Misses Maude Wood, Nora Dickinson, Adele Brodtbeck, Eugenia Rixon and Miss Dunlop.

Miss Iva Markel of Kansas City is a guest of the Misses Lulu and Beulah Johnson of Normandie avenue, and plans to remain in Los Angeles through the winter season.

As a surprise to a host of friends came the news of the marriage of Mr. Shepard Murray, son of Mrs. C. H. Murray of 1080 Kensington road, to Miss Ruby J. Phillips, daughter of Mr. William J. Phillips, a well known steel



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manufacturer of Pittsburg. The ceremony took place in the latter city Wednesday of this week, Mr. Murray having left Los Angeles for that place last Saturday. His plans, however, were a secret to his associates and friends, who believed him to be leaving for a fortnight's stay at one of the nearby springs. After a brief wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Murray will return to Los Angeles to live.

Mr. James Slauson has issued invitations for a dance to be given at the Woman's club house Wednesday evening, December 2, in honor of his niece, Miss Macneil, daughter of Mrs. Hugh Macneil, who recently made her debut at a series of dinners given by her mother.

Society is taking much interest in the coming concert and ball of the Shrine band, which will be given under the auspices of the Temple in Shrine auditorium next Wednesday night. Already, a number of parties have been announced for the event, and it is certain to be a prominent social function of the Thanksgiving season. The list of patronesses is a long one, among the names included being Mesdames Robert Wankowski, W. P. Jeffries, F. A. Hines, Perry Weidner, W. R. Hervey, W. C. Patterson, Harry Callender, Oscar Mueller, E. A. Featherstone, C. Modini-Wood, M. H. Flint, Chester Thompson, W. D. Stevens, George H. Stewart, Frank Bryson, H. L. Cornish, A. C. Jones, Oscar Lawler, Willis Booth, W. P. Longyear, I. N. Van Nuys, J. O. Carl, R. M. Hathaway, Earl Rogers, and S. A. Reid. The affair will open with a fine concert, of classic numbers, which will be rendered by the full band, and the dance program is all picked numbers, selected with a view to their musical worth as well as for their dancing suitability, and thus a treat from the artistic point of view is assured all through the evening. Invitations have been generously issued, and well received, and it is almost certain that the success of the affair will make it a permanent feature of local social life.

Mrs. David McCartney, nee Churchill, who recently returned from a wedding trip of several months in Europe, will receive her friends Friday afternoon, Nov. 27, from 2 to 6 o'clock at 802 Beacon street. Receiving with Mrs. McCartney will be her mother, Mrs. Owen H. Churchill, and her mother-in-law, Mrs. Nora McCartney.

Members of the Xopeia club gave a dance Wednesday evening at the Ebell club house on South Figueroa street. The affair was one of the most delightful of the series of events being given by the club.

Miss Grace Mellus of West Adams street, who has been seriously ill of typhoid fever for several weeks, will probably leave here soon for a sea trip to Hawaii.



By René T. de Quelin

This week's effort to bring before the public's notice the fact of what is being made in Southern California and by whom, has certainly brought out the artists in full force. We have three important exhibitions in the city: Blanchard gallery, Steckel gallery, and the Kanst Art gallery.

At Blanchard's, a general exhibit, mainly of the works of those having studios in the Blanchard building, is being held. The following show oil paintings: Benjamin C. Brown, Hobart Bosworth, Elizabeth Borglum, Harry Lewis Bailey, Carlotta Blau-rock, J. W. Clawson, Nanette Calder, Adele A. Conway, David Dunn, Lillian Drain, J. Bond Francisco, Jessie P. Featherstone, Eugene C. Frank, C. A. Fries, Joseph Greenbaum, Carl D. Hegner, Helma Heynsen-Jahn, Wm. Lees Judson, Ralph Mocine, Grace Earl Moakley, James McBurney, N. L. de Nubila, Hanson Puthuff, Lydia Price, Charles A. Rogers, Mrs. De Witte Lee Reaburn, William Wendt.

In water colors: Mary Harland, Leta Horlocker, Louis H. Leo, Norman St. Clair, Kathryn Thomas, A. C. Wright, Marian M. Williams. In miniatures, Mary Harland is the only one who shows. Two colored etchings by Nell Danely Brooker, and two dry point etchings by Anna Zucker that are exceptionally good. Monotypes by Lillian Drain and Anna Tucker. Two pastels by Margaret Patterson, one sepia of oaks, by Lucy E. Forden, one figure panel of wood carving by R. G. Kiesling, examples of portrait photography by Louis Fleckenstein, and one tapestry panel by Kate Noland. Many of the above sent works that were not at all representative of their capabilities. Why? The artists themselves perhaps can better answer than another. J. Bond Francisco's large oil painting of the grand canyon was judiciously placed in the small gallery by itself and specially lit, which brought the painting out in all its gorgeous coloring. With few exceptions, the work has been previously shown and reviewed in these columns.

The general exhibit being shown in the Kanst are galleries is from the following artists: Granville Redmond, Norman St. Clair, J. W. Nicholl, Elizabeth Borglum, G. M. Leonard Woodruff, Mrs. Everts, Mrs. Harris C. Eytel, Wanda Sauer, Richard Burger, N. L. de Nubila, L. Lamoreux Rogers, and Emile Adet. A superb etching by Hamilton Hamilton is also shown, which in itself is worth a visit. One gallery is entirely taken up with Granville Redmond's work, all good. Sixteen paintings by this artist have been sold at these galleries within the last few weeks, thus demonstrating a great appreciation for his work. There are nine of St. Clair's best paintings.

Mrs. Harris has a large number of interesting water colors of all sizes. Wanda Sauer has a small gallery all to herself, showing a number of striking oil colors, several of which have already been sold. Thursday, which was Factory visiting day, members of the chamber of commerce, together with their friends, visited this gallery in a body, in fact, many hundreds crowded this gallery for three or four days, straining the powers of Mr. Kanst and his assistants to their utmost.

Monday, November 23, Edna Gamble will show her water colors of fruit, which will be reviewed in the next issue of The Graphic, as they will remain for two or three weeks. December 14, Mrs. Oro Hardin Scott will show her tapestries.

J. Dunbar Houghton had a number of miniatures at the Kanst galleries. Mr. Houghton has just completed a miniature of Florence Oakley, the actress, now at the Auditorium. He has also executed commissions for Mr. and Mrs. Greenleaf, Mrs. Mary Ban-

ning and her mother. This artist bids fair to have many orders for this most captivating form of art, and one that enables us to keep a lasting record of those most dear to us in a charming way.

In the Steckel gallery, Benjamin C. Brown exhibits his oils and water colors, which we partially reviewed last week. His pictures are admirably hung, and show well in this attractive gallery. Mr. Brown has made radical changes in his mode and method of painting in the last twelve months, which shows, among other things, the persistent effort for breadth in the portrayal and interpretation of nature as he sees it, and this can only be accomplished by throwing off part of the academical rule and rote that at times ties and hampers one.

It would not be correct to say that Mr. Brown sees nature in a different light, but rather that he has found a better manner of expressing what he views and feels. He is passing through a happy state of transition from one plane to another, the plane of independence, where he becomes an influence instead of the influenced; a leader beating out his own tract through to the unknown beyond; one who is frankly sincere, devoid of affectation in the slightest manner, honest of purpose and true to his ideal, imbued with that sincere earnestness that is so rare and so charming. Few have the courage of their own convictions, but here is one who has, with the capacity to see and judge rightly. One who has a soul filled with tender and poetic feelings to modulate the inspiration and force of the moment.

In his thirty-four pictures we see the artist in all his moods, and as he has seen Dame Nature in all of hers. "A Valley of the Sierras," shows us a delightful bit of color, warm and soothing. "The Trout Stream," fresh and spontaneous; "A Spring Day," a capital rendering of the Monterey locality. "Monrovia Peak, Autumn," a nice bit of color. "The Hay Wharf, San Francisco," peaceful and charming. "In the Depths, Grand Canyon," a good rendering, with feeling and understanding. "Mt. Tamalpais, from the Marshes," "Near Sausalito, San Francisco Bay," both good in values. "The Golden Pool," warm and pleasing. "Tide Lands, San Francisco," soft and tender; "Autumn in the Arroyo," good effect. "The Little Pool," "Midsummer" and "Reflections," all excellent. The water colors all clear, fresh, and sparkling in color and tone, charming in their technique.

J. H. Rich, portrait painter of Pasadena, has completed two successful portraits, one of Dr. Adalbert Fenyas, and Miss Ruth Hoyte, both residents of Pasadena. Mr. Rich intends giving an exhibition of his work in Pasadena the latter part of this month.

Miss Maude Daggett of Pasadena, who has been studying sculpture at the Chicago Art institute for the last four years, intends to go to Paris shortly to perfect herself in this art. If possible, Miss Daggett will enter the atelier of Frederick MacMonnies. Her mother and sister will accompany her abroad.

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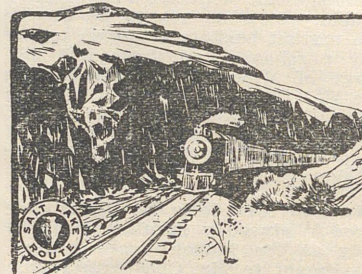
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Sentiment continues extremely bullish in the local security market, with all standard stocks and bonds more firmly on the up-grade than for a long time past. The best of the bank stocks and the well-known dividend-paying oils, together with the industrials of reputation, are swinging along with a merry gait of optimism to the high-price levels they occupied prior to the beginning of the depression about fourteen months ago.

Los Angeles Home Pfd, which was down to 42 less than ten weeks ago, is above 50, where the stock stood about a year ago, and at present prices the shares will pay ten per cent.

For unknown reasons, U. S. Long Distance does not move in a way justified by its earnings, and its future prospects. The stock continues below 45, at which price it will pay 9 1-2 per cent on the investment. As the shares are not subject to municipal regulation, and with comparatively little water in the company, this halt in quotations is hard to fathom.

Bonds are soft, due to an easier money market. The best of the bank stocks have regained more than two million dollars in price value since the recent election. Some of the well-known industrials have not yet received all the benefit of better times, due to stories that a lot of new financing is necessary to place these securities firmly on their feet.

Banking conditions are much easier than they have been in more than a year, with money for loaning nearly normal. Several of the savings banks and their affiliated trust companies, are gradually loosening their purse strings, and funds for legitimate purposes are about what they were just prior to the late emergency currency days, when six months' time was demanded before savings accounts could be obtained, even to the amount of ten cents on the dollar.

Savings bank loans are being made at six per cent in good sized amounts, with seven per cent the ruling figure.

Commercial loans continue easy at six per cent, with all the funds necessary for legitimate purposes, obtainable without trouble.

Banks and Banking

After December 1, the money received by the government from the timber sales, permits for stock grazing, and for special use of various resources in the national forest reserves will be placed on deposit in national banks, instead of being forwarded to Washington, as in the past, to be placed in the treasury there. Estimated receipts from the national forests for the fiscal year are about \$2,000,000. The national banks which have been named as depositories for these government funds are the First National bank of San Francisco, First National bank of Portland, Western Montana National at Missoula, Montana; Denver National, First National bank of Albuquerque, N. M., and First National of Ogden, Utah.

To the directorate of the Merchants' National bank of Santa Monica has been added the names of W. H. Holliday, Marco Hellman and M. Hamburger of Los Angeles, and P. R. Stahl of Centralia, Wash., who will make his home in Santa Monica. James H. Grigsby is president, P. H. Smith, vice-president; Ehrman Grigsby, cashier; F. J. Townsend, assistant cashier, and Roy Grigsby, receiving teller.

Arrangements are being completed by the Equitable Savings bank of Los Angeles to increase its capital and surplus to \$250,000. The greater part of the additional stock will be taken by the present stockholders.

Payment is being made by the defunct Collins bank of Ventura of a second dividend of 20 per cent.

Work is to be begun immediately upon the construction of the Gila Valley Bank and Trust company's new building in Globe, Arizona.

Directors of the Bank of Glendale

have purchased the southeast corner of Glendale avenue and Fourth street, upon which they will erect a handsome pressed-brick bank building, plans for which are being drawn.

Articles of incorporation have been filed for the Newport State bank, capitalized at \$25,000.

In regard to the creation of a state banking department, the legislative banking committee and the committee representing the California Bankers' association have made a compromise insofar as the superintendent and his power are concerned. The original bill provided that the superintendent must be a banker of at least ten years' experience and this clause was eliminated while the provision of salary was changed from \$7,500 per annum to \$10,000.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Pomona finds that her issue of \$80,000 of city hall bonds, issued in the spring of 1907, is illegal, owing to the fact that the state law in regard to the closing of the polls was changed before the Pomona bonds carried. It will be necessary to call a new election.

Duarte has received from the state the sum of \$16,600 due from the sale of school bonds.

City trustees of Corona have instructed the city attorney to prepare an ordinance calling for a \$90,000 bond election to be used in the construction of a sewer system and for street improvement.

Long Beach voters will consider the question of a municipal water control, an ordinance having been passed calling an election for that purpose Dec. 15. Two propositions will be placed before the citizens, that of the purchase of the Alamitos Water company's property for \$251,000 and of the purchase of the Long Beach Water company's rights at \$449,000.

Sealed bids are being received by the supervisors of Maricopa county, Arizona, at Phoenix, for the sale of six twenty-year seven per cent bonds, with accrued interest. The bonds are of \$500 each, amounting to an aggregate of \$3,000 and bids for same will be received up until 11 o'clock a. m. Dec. 8.

Attorney General Webb has approved the purchase by the state of the Wilmington bonds, amounting to \$100,000. The proceeds from the sale are to be used in dredging a ship's channel from Turning basin to Canal street.

Recommendation will be given by the legislative committee of state bond issue of \$10,000,000 for San Francisco harbor, and an issue of \$1,500,000 for San Diego.

Voters of Pasadena are practically assured of the resubmission of the water bond proposition, when consideration will be given the project of purchasing the properties of three of the principal companies of that municipality. The citizens' committee which has the matter in hand states that almost the requisite number of names has been obtained.

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How Passengers can Avoid Accidents

There is only one safe way to get off a car—grasp the handle with the left hand and face the front end of the car, then if car should happen to start you would not be thrown. Do not attempt to get on or off car while it is in motion. After alighting, never pass around the front end of car. In passing the rear end, always be on the lookout for cars passing in opposite direction on the other track. Have no conversation with motorman. Any information desired communicate with conductor.

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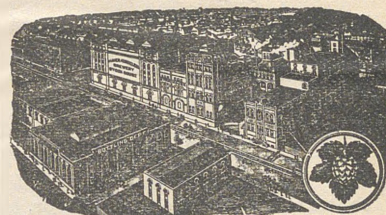
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BOTH PHONES EXCHANGE 3

LUCILLE'S LETTER

My Dear Harriet: Did you say party frocks? Well, don't despair any longer, but take your girlie to the Boston Store and gratify her vanity and your maternal pride. For the girl from fourteen to eighteen, and for the fortunate small women, this misses' department is a boon. The net gowns are especially appealing to me. One handsome frock was of heavy champagne net, embroidered in soft blue and gold and made over a slip of blue silk. It was in semi-directoire style, and a soft, crushed girdle of blue satin, with a long fringed sash knotted gracefully at the side gave the finishing directoire touch. Gossamer mes-salines in all the favorite evening shades, delicate broadcloths elaborately embroidered, rich satins and heavy serges are among the materials used. A pretty frock of white etamine, simply trimmed with Persian bands at throat, wrist and waist, seemed just the thing for the lassie who still affects long braids. If you want an evening wrap to match your gown, the Boston can supply the demand. They have all the latest styles in any desired shade.

Look out for a crowd at Blackstone's Monday, my dear, for there is sure to be one. Those ravishing French pattern hats which captivated every one of us at the beginning of the season, are to be disposed of Monday at one-third off the regular price. This is a "really truly" bargain, Harriet, and one you don't pick up every day. And remember it's the early bird who annexes the appetizing worm. You will have an opportunity to get the very latest eastern styles in suits before long. Mr. Winthrop Blackstone is in the east, and he is daily shipping the most down-to-date and tempting conceits he can discover—and you know he is something of a connoisseur in this line. So keep your weather eye open, and you'll be rewarded.

Already the Ville de Paris is preparing for the Christmas season. You know a handkerchief is always an acceptable gift. Neither man nor woman can have a surfeit of these useful articles, and the good Ville is displaying some holiday novelties in this line that are tempting. They are made of the sheerest linen. The hand embroidered ones are exquisitely fine—just how fine you can imagine when you realize that they are worked with the assistance of a magnifying glass. If you wish to send an eastern friend a remembrance, you can get handkerchiefs beautifully embroidered with a cluster of pepper berries, or a poppy or a poinsettia. These are done up in poppy boxes and are typically Californian. The Ville is making a specialty of initial handkerchiefs this year. Ladies' handkerchiefs are embroidered with a floral design about the initial, but in the men's a severe letter is tucked quietly in one corner—truly a gentleman's handkerchief.

So the holidays are upon us. Next week gives us turkey and cranberry sauce, and castor oil. Here's hoping you won't have any bad effects. As ever,

LUCILLE.

South Figueroa street,
November seventeenth.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., October 14, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Jacob Frey, of Topanga, Cal., who, on May 11, 1904, made homestead entry (01869) No. 10552 for S. 1-2 S.E. 1-4, N.W. 1-4 S.E. 1-4, N.E. 1-4 S.W. 1-4, section 36, township 1 N., range 17 W. S., B. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 8th day of December, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Philip LeSueur of Calabasas, Cal., Charles Greenleaf, Anton Lenthner, both of Topanga, Cal., A. M. Bernhardt of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Nov. 7-5t. first publication Nov. 7-08.

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